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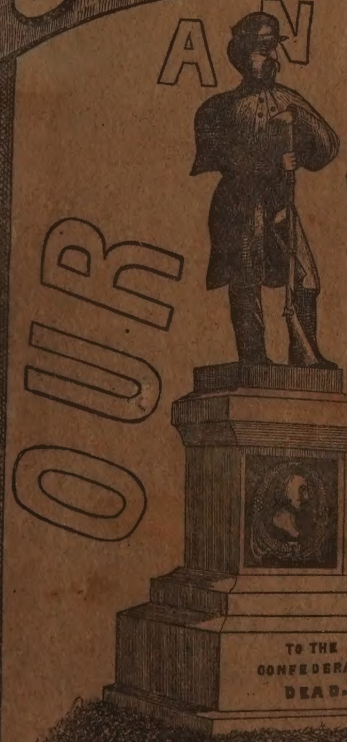
OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.



PUBLISHED AT RALEIGH, N. C.
S. D. POOL, Editor.

☞ *Will those who owe a subscription to* OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD ***remit to me promptly?*** *I am confined by my official duties to Raleigh and cannot call on them personally.* *S. D. POOL.*

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Vol. II.---From MARCH to AUGUST, 1875.

OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD;

DEVOTED TO

NORTH CAROLINA---HER PAST, HER PRESENT AND HER FUTURE.

OFFICIAL ORGAN N. C. BRANCH

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

PUBLISHED AT RALEIGH, N. C.

S. D. POOL, EDITOR.

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Our Living and Our Dead;

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North Carolina—Her Past, Her Present and Her Future.

Official Organ North Carolina Branch Southern Historical Society

VOL. II.] MARCH, 1875. [No. 1.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR;

CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF

EVENTS, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES,

WHICH OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Bloody War, Which took Place in the United States in 1861.

By REV. JOHN PARIS, Late Chaplain 54th Regiment, N. C. Troops.

CHAPTER IV.

Effects of the Battle of Manassas upon the Northern mind—McDowell removed from the command of the Grand Army—Operations in North Western Virginia—Battle of Cross Lanes—Battle of the Gauley and defeat of Rosecranz—Gen. Robert E. Lee assumes command of all the troops in Western Virginia, and manœuvres with Rosecranz—Repulse of the Yankees by Brig. Gen. H. R. Jackson—Missouri secedes and unites with the Confederacy—Battle of Carthage and defeat of General Siegel—Battle of Oak Hill—Defeat and fall of Gen. Lyon—General Price captures Lexington, with Mulligan's whole force—Gen. Fremont recalled from Missouri—Dispersion of the Maryland Legislature, and arrest of its members by the Lincoln Government—Defeat of the Yankees at Ball's Bluff—Affair at Dranesville—Battle of Belmont—Arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, upon the high seas, by the enemy.

IT IS proper to note the effects produced upon the two belligerent parties by the battle of Manassas. On the part of the Yankees, the defeat was unlooked for, and deeply mortifying to their innate pride. Telegraphic reports had been sent to Washington and New York, from Centreville, at 3

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o'clock on Sunday, of a brilliant victory. The newspaper offices immediately issued their extras, to herald the glad tidings through the streets; and all Yankeedom grew jubilant. But by next morning a mighty change had come over the spirit of their dream. The streets of Washington were filled with the frightened fugitives from Manassas, and the debris of the "Grand Army" choked up the avenues leading to the capitol. The truth had been flashed along the wires to all parts of the country, that General McDowell had been routed and driven back upon Washington with great loss. The New York *Herald*, which had pompously announced the preceding evening, in flaming capitals, the news of a splendid victory, on Monday morning let down the feelings of its readers in the following gentle, yet soothing, manner: "We regret to announce that our army, after having gained a brilliant victory at Manassas on yesterday, abandoned it." The Congress took up the subject and passed a resolution of thanks to the army, declaring its confidence in its patriotism and valor; and the whole machinery of Government now applied itself with renewed energy to the work of re-organizing and strengthening the army, and of preparing for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

On the other hand the victory of Manassas produced great enthusiasm throughout the Confederacy. The unequalled bravery of the Southern soldiers, their patient endurance and firmness, with the splendid military abilities of their officers, had excited universal admiration. The Confederate army that fought at Manassas was no doubt made up of the best material, so far as the rank and file were concerned, that ever took the field in defence of their country. To a large extent it was composed of the noblest spirits of the South. It was made of men of intelligence and moral worth; of respectable and honorable position in society; men governed by the highest sense of honor and of patriotism; men who, at their country's call, had promptly turned their backs upon everything at home for the dangers of the tented field; men who honestly believed they were fighting for Justice and Right, and held themselves ready to sacrifice everything for country and its cause, from a sense of duty and of honor. These men might have been called "raw troops," as they had but recently left their homes, and not more than two regiments of them had ever burnt powder at an enemy before, yet raw and ill-equip-

ped as they were, under the leadership of such Generals as Johnston and Beauregard, they had been able to fight and put to rout double their numbers on the field of Manassas. The South was proud of its achievements.

But this brilliant victory of Manassas has been called by some, a serious misfortune to the Confederacy. Its importance and effects were over estimated, and as Hope tells a pleasing tale, many hoped that in its results, it would cause the leading powers of Europe to acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy, and that the Federal Government, under the press of circumstances, would abandon its hostile designs upon the Southern States, and enter into an arrangement for a peaceful separation. Such opinions entered too largely into the minds of Statesmen, as well as into the minds of Government officials. By the victory of Manassas the energy of the South was relaxed, and the country relapsed into a state of fancied security. A tide had set in, which might have led to success and to fortune, if the Government had availed itself of the advantages which it brought, but apathy ensued, and the great victory of Manassas failed to produce some of its hoped for results. The army of Gen. Johnston, although considerably strengthened by reinforcements, was doomed to inactivity with the exception of some small rencounters between foraging parties. On the part of the Yankees, General McDowell was displaced from command of the "Grand Army," and General G. B. McClellan called from the Army of Western Virginia to assume command.

At this period, the Federal forces in Western Virginia were commanded by Gen. Rosecranz, and the Confederate troops by Brigadier Generals Wise and Floyd. Both of these officers had filled the gubernatorial chair of Virginia, and their influence and counsels were considered to be of great weight. The column commanded by Gen. Wise amounted to 4,000, while that of Gen. Floyd did not exceed 3,000 men. It was deemed of the utmost importance to hold the rich and important valley of the Great Kanawha, and thus prevent it from being overrun by the enemy. After the defeat of the column under Gen. Garnett at Rich Mountain and Cheat river, the section of the State of Virginia lying West of the Blue Ridge Mountain, especially the Northwestern counties had been temporarily abandoned to the enemy by the Confederate armies.

ACTION AT CARNIFAX FERRY.

Early in August, Gen. Floyd moved forward in the direction of Charleston and took up position on the Gauley, one of the chief tributaries of the Kanawha. The country here was diversified by lofty mountains, abrupt precipices, deep ravines, with majestic rocks, and better adapted for the work of the sharpshooter, than for any other arm of the service. The troops under Gen. Floyd were anxious to engage the enemy. A strong column of Yankees under the command of Gen. Cox, was in their front, and some spirited skirmishing took place. At this point the two columns of Generals Wise and Floyd united, although they constituted separate and independent commands, and the hope was entertained that by a harmonious co-operation they would be able to overwhelm and crush the forces under Cox. A movement was attempted by the enemy to throw a column of infantry upon the Confederate right and rear, and thus cut their line of communication with their rear, and necessarily compel them to retreat. The movement was discovered in time to defeat its object. Gen. Floyd with his brigade and a few hundred cavalry, by a stealthy march, crossed the Gauley at Carnifax Ferry, on the 26th of August, and at a place called Cross Lanes engaged and after a sharp contest routed and scattered the enemy in all directions, who sustained a loss of about two hundred, in killed, wounded and prisoners.

BATTLE OF THE GAULEY.

General Floyd took up a position on the Gauley river, which he strengthened by such defences as the nature of the ground admitted. Rosecranz, who had won some reputation at Rich Mountain, and who commanded a division of about nine thousand, moved down the Gauley from Buckhannon with the object in view of clearing the country of the two Confederate commanders. The columns of Floyd and Wise were several miles apart. On the 10th of September, he attacked Gen. Floyd in his entrenched camp. The Confederate strength did not exceed two thousand, yet with nine thousand Yankees in front and the river in their rear, they wielded their rifles like true sons of the South. The attack lasted from 3 P. M. until dusk. The situation of the camp precluded any flank movement on the part of Rosecranz,

and the attack was directed upon the front. But the storm of grape, canister, and shell, with the impetuous shower of Minnie balls which rained upon them for hours, failed to dampen the courage of the mountaineers commanded by Floyd. Late in the evening, the enemy massed his troops for a final charge. Moving forward with precision and order, they came within range of the unerring riflemen of Floyd, who poured into their ranks a destructive storm of leaden hail that strewed the ground with their dead and wounded, rent their martialed lines, and caused them to scatter in confusion and disorder to the rear, and thus give up the struggle. The loss of the Yankee command was heavy, yet it was never accurately ascertained. The loss of the Confederates was reported at twenty wounded. Yet these figures seem strange, as there appears generally, in all heavy engagements with small arms, to be one killed to every four or five that are wounded.

During the night, Gen. Floyd succeeded in drawing off all his forces, repassed the river, and reached the position of Gen. Wise in safety. Rosecranz soon followed up the retreating column of Floyd, hoping to bring on an engagement with the united commands of Wise and Floyd, but as the enemy greatly outnumbered them, they declined battle in the wild and rugged region, whilst the roads were so seriously broken up by almost continual rains, and the bridges swept away by high waters. Both commands fell back to the eastern side of Sewell's Mountain, and again took up separate positions.

General Rob't E. Lee, who had been commissioned Major General by the State of Virginia, had, after the transfer of the State forces to the Confederate Government been sent into the upper part of Northwestern Virginia to take charge of the forces operating therein. Collecting together all the troops placed at his disposal, he soon found himself at the head of 16,000 men.

With this column Gen. Lee moved forward against a strong position held by the enemy called "Elk Water." This position was so situated, and had been so strengthened by the exertions of the Federal commander as to be impregnable to any force that might attempt to carry it by storm or surprise. With the lofty precipices, and deep ravines, the enemy had formed extensive and formidable abattis, which seemed to mock the ap-

proach of an armed foe. Gen. Lee prepared to attack the place and carry it by assault, but discovered the impracticability of the plan and drew off his forces. The sufferings of the Confederate troops in Northwestern Virginia, during the months of September and October, from rain and cold, were more severe than any other troops were called to endure during the war. These sufferings told upon their ranks with tenfold more fatality than the weapons of the enemy; yet they bore them with heroic courage.

Authenticated information now reached General Lee that Rosecranz and Cox had formed a junction of their forces and were moving upon Generals Wise and Floyd. He immediately advanced to their support, leaving about 2500 men in his rear under the command of Brigadier General H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, to watch the movements of the enemy in the vicinity of Elk Water. The principal strength of the three commands of Generals Lee, Wise and Floyd was united under the command of the former and an intrenched camp formed at Sewell's Mountain in order to withstand the combined attack of Rosecranz and Cox. The enemy advanced cautiously, and his vanguard took position on the heights in the vicinity of Lee. Spirited skirmishing ensued. But while the enemy showed a disposition to make a general assault, his observations convinced him of the ruinous dangers attending such an attempt. Under cover of darkness of the night of the 6th of October, he fell back unmolested. About the same time the column under the command of General Jackson, which had remained near Elk Water, was vigorously attacked. After a heavy fire of artillery for sometime, the enemy advanced infantry to the assault. The troops of Jackson lying close within their works received the assault with great coolness, and poured into the enemy such a heavy and well-directed fire of musketry, that they broke into confusion and retreated in disorder, leaving about three hundred in killed and wounded in the hands of the Confederates.

The severity of the weather in this region of the State, upon the approach of winter, with the bad condition of the roads, rendering it impossible to maintain an army in Northwestern Virginia, the Confederate Government discontinued its military operations in this quarter. Gen. Floyd with his command was sent to reinforce the army under Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson in Kentucky;

Gen. Wise was sent to operate on the coast of North Carolina in the military district commanded by Major General Huger, while General Lee was directed to look after the coast defences of South Carolina and Georgia.

In October of this year the Legislature of Missouri, which had been compelled to fly the capitol of the State, passed an Ordinance of Secession and was received as a member of the Confederacy, which now numbered twelve States that had determined to defy with arms in their hands the power and strength of the Federal Government, which had persistently invaded their constitutional rights for a series of years in defiance of remonstrance, and thus had plunged the nation into revolution and bloodshed. But before the Legislature had taken this step, red war had reached her own soil, and many of the citizens of the State had laid down their lives in defence of their country.

On the morning of the 5th of July, the Missouri State Troops under the Governor, now, Gen. Jackson, were attacked by the Federal troops under Gen. Siegel near a little town called Carthage. At the first charge ordered by Jackson, the Yankees gave way, and retreated upon Carthage where they attempted to make another stand, but were again routed and driven out by the gallantry of the Missourians and sought safety in flight. This attack upon the State Troops by the Yankee commander afforded the Missourians an opportunity to show their mettle, which they did in splendid style. They were but poorly armed and equipped for a passage at arms with the well-drilled, and handsomely armed Yankees; but what they lacked in this respect they made up in nerve. They had carried into battle but little more than three thousand men. Badly equipped as they were, they had defeated a body of well-appointed and well-armed Federal troops, almost their equal in numbers, and pursued them several miles from the field with a loss of only about two hundred in killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was believed to reach at least five hundred men.

The concentration of Federal troops in Missouri, and the flight of the Legislature from the capitol for safety, had induced the Confederate Government to send Gen. McCulloch into the State with a column of about 3000 men in order to prevent it from falling into the power of the Federal Government. This force of

Gen. McCulloch, uniting with Gen. Jackson's and a body of Arkansas State Troops under General Pearce, amounted to nearly twelve thousand. Gen. Price commanded the Missourians, and Gen. McCulloch as an officer of the Confederate Government assumed command of the whole. The enemy had a numerous army at Springfield, and McCulloch moved in that direction to seek his adversary.

BATTLE OF OAK RIDGE.

On the morning of the 10th of August, Gen. Lyon commanding in Springfield, marched out and attacked the Confederate General with impetuosity. For some time the battle raged with great fury. But Gen. Lyon being killed, the Yankees gave way at all points and retreated from the field in confusion. The loss of the army under McCulloch amounted to more than a thousand in killed and wounded, whilst that of the enemy summed up about 2300 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

About this time John C. Fremont, the famous explorer of the country lying west of the Rocky Mountains called the Great Basin, and who had figured in the operatives in California during the war with Mexico, and who had been found guilty by a court martial upon charges of insubordination to his superior, was appointed a Major General and assigned to the chief command of the military district of Missouri. This man had been at a former period of his life an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency of the United States, as the nominee of the Black Republican party, and was fully imbued with all the fanatical principles of that political organization. St. Louis being his headquarters, he took hold of the reins of authority with a bold hand, proclaimed martial law throughout the State, thus setting aside all civil authority, and affording to the lovers of constitutional liberty, regulated by law, an illustration of the condition of the fallen liberties of the country, when the Government should be administered according to the genius of the party into whose hands it had so unfortunately fallen. He likewise proclaimed with pompous authority that all persons who took up arms against the authority of the United States, or who took any part in hostilities waged against the Federal Government, should forfeit the loss of all their property by

confiscation ;—and that their slaves as a consequence should be held as free forever.

While the doctrines of this proclamation were in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, still they were quite acceptable to a strong portion of the political party in power at Washington. Yet under the serious and untried surroundings amidst which Mr. Lincoln was now obliged to play his part, he deemed it impolitic to endorse them. He had declared in his inaugural address, that "he had no power to interfere with slavery where it exists in the States, if he had the will." Consequently, this first step taken by military authority to emancipate slaves was disapproved by the Federal Executive. The arbitrary and despotic administration of affairs by Fremont stirred the feelings of the people of both parties in Missouri. On the part of the Secessionists, it aroused a spirit of the most defiant opposition, and on the part of the Union party a clamor was raised, which reached the authorities at Washington, demanding his dismissal from office. As he had rendered no military service calculated to inspire any confidence on the part of the public, the Government soon relieved him of the command, and placed in his stead one David Hunter, of the same political school, who afterwards won more celebrity with the torch than he did with the sword.

On the 18th of September, Gen. Price at the head of the Missouri troops invested Lexington. The town was held by Colonel Mulligan with a force of about four thousand men. His position was well fortified and defended by redoubts which rendered an assault hazardous. But the enthusiastic boldness of the Missourians defied every danger and surmounted every obstacle. After Col. Mulligan had lost all his outposts, and had suffered severely in loss of men, and seeing no prospect of succor, he surrendered his whole force. This success afforded great relief to the army of Gen. Price, as it was quite destitute of needful supplies in order to prepare it for the field. His captures were five pieces of artillery, about four thousand stand of small arms, with a large amount of provisions and commissary stores, and nearly eight hundred horses. Among the magnanimous acts of Gen. Price mentioned by the newspapers which occurred upon the surrender of Lexington, is one which shines peculiarly brighter by being in contrast with the action of the Yankee commander-in-

chief in the State. By order of Gen. Fremont whose fingers had a proclivity for gold, Col. Mulligan had robbed the bank of Lexington of the good, round sum of $900,000 in specie. Gen. Price becoming master of the situation became master of the gold also, and commanded promptly that the ill-gotten booty on the part of the Yankees should be restored to its proper owners.

Within a few days after the capture of Lexington, the enemy attempted to draw a cordon around Gen. Price and thus annihilate his entire command. Fremont with a formidable army advanced to attack him in front; smaller divisions threatened him on the right flank. But under serious disadvantages he effected his retreat in safety to the Southwestern corner of the State, where he could find support by the proximity of the division commanded by Gen. McCulloch.

The Federal Congress had met on the 4th of July, in obedience to the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. The disasters of Bull Run and Manassas; the bold and successful resistance offered to the authority of the General Government in Missouri; the awkward and unsuccessful part played by Kentucky, which she pretended to call "an armed neutrality;" with the severe struggle Maryland was making to throw off the chains of bondage imposed upon her by Federal authority, through the management of her Governor, aroused both the Legislative and Executive departments of the Government to the most vigorous exertions, to prepare for the emergency. Mr. Lincoln had violated the Constitution, which he had sworn to defend, by suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in Maryland and elsewhere, and Congress had approved his action. The Legislature of Maryland had resolved to meet at Frederick City instead of Annapolis, the capital, in order that their deliberations might not be overawed by the presence of the Federal soldiers which had been stationed in various places in the State under the specious plea of preserving the peace. By order of Gen. McClellan a large number of the members of that body who were known to hold opinions adverse to the policy of the Federal Government were arrested and placed in confinement, the strictest espoinage was established everywhere, houses were searched, the best of citizens arrested and imprisoned, military rule was the order of the day and despotism reigned throughout beautiful Maryland.

The lines of Johnston and Beauregard had been advanced to Munson's Hill, but a few miles from Washington, but McClellan, who had the command of the army, once called the "Grand Army;" refused battle and lay at rest in his entrenchments. The Congress in order to strengthen the hands of the Executive and enable him "to crush out the rebellion," to use the common Yankee phrase in vogue at the time, voted to raise a half million of men to serve for a period of three years, if needed, with the necessary appropriations to equip and keep them in the field. By proclamation Mr. Lincoln had declared all the ports in the Confederacy in a state of blockade, with all their coasts; and in the same bombastic manifesto threatened with the penalties meted out to pirates, all Confederate cruisers, in the character of privateers who should interrupt the commerce of the United States "upon the high seas"—a threat which he never had the nerve to execute.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

About the middle of October, Gen. Johnston withdrew his lines from Munson's Hill and fell back a few miles to a village about six miles in front of Manassas called Centreville. Gen. McClellan whom the Yankees had dubbed "the little Napoleon," possibly felt desirous of knowing what could have been meant by this retrogade movement on the part of the Confederate General. Accordingly on the night of the 19th October, he attempted what was called "a reconnoisance in force," upon the left of the Confederate army. A heavy column was ordered to move upon Leesburg from the vicinity of Dranesville, under the command of Gen. McCall, while a body of troops numbering from four to five thousand men, led by Col. Baker, and afterwards reinforced by Gen. Stone, were sent over from the other side of the Potomac to co-operate with the division under McCall. The troops under Baker effected the passage of the river at a point known as Conrad's Ferry, noted for a steep bank or precipice close by, which hung over the water called Ball's Bluff, while a small detatchment pertaining to the command crossed at Edward's Ferry. Leesburg is a pleasant town situated about three miles from the Potomac, and was held by Gen. Evans who had won distinction on the bloody field of Manassas. He had but four regiments un-

der his command ; one from Virginia, and three from Mississippi numbering a little more than two thousand men.

Early on the morning of the 20th, Gen. Evans was apprised of the advance of the two Federal columns and prepared for their reception. Having taken up a defensive position on the road leading from Conrad's Ferry to Leesburg, the advance of the enemy on this road soon came in collision with the front line of the Confederate column. These troops offered a spirited resistance. Relying upon his superiority of numbers, the Yankee commanmander, Col. Baker, an ex-member of Congress from Oregon, rapidly advanced his forces and swelled the tide of battle. At this juncture it appeared that the heroic band of Confederates would be compelled to succumb to overwhelming numbers, pressing forward to break their ranks. But General Evans knew the men he led, and the men knew the chief whom they followed. Forming his command for the purpose, he ordered a general charge. It was executed with all the heroic dash, for which Confederates were distinguished, accompanied with the true Southern yell, which no Federal line could withstand. The enemy gave way. Confusion ensued. Colonel Baker made every possible effort to rally his broken battalions ; but all in vain. The deadly fire of the regiments of Evans, was strewing the ground with the dead and wounded, and defied every effort to rally. Baker fell a lifeless corpse, and the confusion that ensued challenges description. The whole force became a mass of maddened, and frightened fugitives. In this character, they were driven back upon the river at Ball's Bluff, under a terrible fire which they were unable to return. And as the Confederates pressed with the bayonet, the frightened mass rushed down the Bluffs into the river below, in wild disorder, heaps upon heaps. Multitudes were drowned, and sunk to rise no more ; whilst the unerring aim of the riflemen ended the life struggles of more. Masses rushed into the ferry boats lying at the shore, and pushing off to gain the other side, the crowded boats went down, consigning their cargoes of bleeding, wounded and frightened fugitives to one common grave. The waters of the Potomac were crimsoned with blood. But a small part of the column that had crossed in such high spirits, to assail the hated "rebels," in the morning, was fortunate enough to regain the northern shore in safety. The loss of the Confeder-

ates in this affair, commonly called "the battle of Ball's Bluff," in killed and wounded, was less than one hundred and seventy, while the loss of the Yankees exceeded two thousand, of which not less than five hundred had been killed and drowned.

The results of this day can scarcely find a parallel in military annals. General Evans had fought and defeated a force numbering at least three to his one, and had inflicted upon the Yankees a loss equal to his own numbers, which he had carried into battle, while his loss was less than one-twelfth of that of the enemy.

The news of this disastrous defeat created great excitement at Washington. The roar of the cannon at Ball's Bluff had been heard in the City; that a battle had been fought, and a defeat sustained, was evident to all, but nothing more could be known. The government was reticent. The people were clamorous for the facts. After some days had passed, and the pressure becoming so great, an official explanation was offered to satisfy the public mind, to the effect that "the affair was simply a reconnoisance in force, which had been successfully executed; and that the force had recrossed the Potomac with little loss." The Yankee newspapers desirous of keeping the true history of the affair from their own people, and having so little regard for the sacred principles of truth, declared that they had lost no prisoners; while it was a notorious fact that about seven hundred and fifty had been marched to Richmond, and many were captured who were too badly wounded to be removed so far.

But these efforts to satisfy the public mind proved abortive. Demands for official reports of the disaster were made in the halls of Congress, and the truth was thus most reluctantly forced from the Government, and given to the world, despite the efforts that had been made, on its part, to substitute falsehood and deception in its place.

On the 20th of December, Brig. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in command of the Confederate cavalry, while out on a foraging expedition fell in with a strong force of the enemy near Dranesville. Stuart's force was greatly inferior to that of the enemy, and was encumbered with a large wagon train. Through some unfortunate coincidence he was not apprised of the proximity of the enemy, until he was too close to attempt a retrograde movement without battle. The line was quickly formed, though in a position which

offered but few advantages, whilst the enemy was sheltered in nearly the entire length of his line, and supported by several batteries of artillery. As soon as the immense train of wagons had been gotten in safety to the rear, Gen. Stuart drew off his men, and retired to a new position, but the enemy deemed it imprudent to attempt any pursuit. The loss of the Confederates was reported at about two hundred in killed, wounded and missing.

An affair occurred in the West in November of this year of some importance in itself, though attended with no advantageous results to either of the parties. Gen. Polk had occupied Columbus, Ky., as soon as it was discovered that the "armed neutrality" of that State did not prevent the Federal troops from occupying such points within its limits as they might choose, or in forming military camps within its borders at their pleasure. Immediately opposite to Columbus on the Missouri side of the river, is a small place known by the name of Belmont, at which place Gen. Polk had placed a small force of about 1200 men.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

On the night of the 6th Gen. Grant, who was afterwards destined to figure more conspicuously in the war, conveyed a large body of troops down the river, which he landed, under cover of darkness, above the Confederate camp, and at daylight on the morning of the 7th, attacked the Confederates. Under the pressure of overwhelming numbers, the latter gave way. But being soon reinforced by Gen. Pillow from Columbus, the Yankees were compelled to retreat to their boats for safety, thus yielding every inch of ground they had gained, and leaving many of their wounded, as well as their dead, in the hands of the Confederates. The loss of the Confederates was about 650 killed, wounded and missing, while it was held that the loss of the Yankees was nearly one hundred per cent. more.

With some unimportant movement of troops in the Southern part of Kentucky, the campaign of 1861 closed. The trial at arms thus far had inspired the strongest confidence on the part of the Confederates, in their ability to contend with the enemy successfully in the field, not only against their equal in numbers, but the general opinion was entertained that two Confederates were always equal to three Yankees, upon the field, and under

ordinary circumstances, no one seemed to doubt the result of the issue, unless the enemy had a much larger proportion in numerical strength.

Mr. Davis, as President of the Confederate States, had appointed Messrs. Mason and Slidell as representatives of the Confederate States at the Courts of England and France. These ambassadors found it an easy matter to run the blockade at Charleston, and reached Havana. Here, their movements ceased to be hidden, as they were in the port of a neutral power. But upon their embarking on the British steamer Trent, for England, she was overhauled and boarded on the high seas between Havana and the Bahama islands, by the United States steam sloop of war San Jacinto. Two shots had been fired at the Trent before she hove to, when she was immediately boarded by a United States officer, Messrs. Mason and Slidell seized in the presence of their families, and before the commander of the Trent, in defiance of his protest, hurried on board the San Jacinto, carried to the United States and placed in confinement in Fort Lafayette, near Boston. This act on the part of Lieut. Wilkes, commander of the San Jacinto was hailed by the Yankees with universal approval and he was feasted and lionized wherever he went. The Secretary of the Navy endorsed the high-handed act, and contributed his eulogy to glorify this deed of his subordinate. But the act had created a sensation among the Great Powers of Europe. It was an outrage upon international law. The whole Confederacy felt the deepest interest in the affair, hoping that the Yankee Government would stand by its own acts and declarations, and thereby provoke a war with England. Great Britain acted in the matter with firmness and dignity. Waiving any discussion of principles that might be involved in the arrest, she made a peremptory demand for the delivery of the Ambassadors with their Secretaries. From the bold and defiant tone of the Federal orators and press, it was hoped that the United States Government would certainly refuse to comply with this demand; that no back down from the position taken could, or would be made; that such a step could only be taken at the expense of national dishonor. But when the British Lion growled, all Yankeedom was lulled to silence, and Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, replied to this demand in one of the most remarkable papers that ever emanated from

any Government, in which it would be hard to determine what he meant, further than this, he had not expected to give up the men, under the circumstances, but as the demand had been made for them, they would be readily delivered to Her Majesty's Government. Perhaps no other Government on the face of the earth would have played such a part as this, before the family of nations.

(*To be Continued.*)

WILLIAM R. GORMAN.

WHEN the alarm of war was sounded in 1861, William R. Gorman, a reserved and unobtrusive young man, was residing in Salisbury, quietly pursuing an humble but respectable calling. When the knell of the Confederacy swept over our conquered fields in 1865, he was quietly sleeping in an humble but honorable grave. As he never fought a battle or held a public trust, he drew attention from but few, while he was living; and as he took not many to his heart in friendship's sacred bonds, there were not many who gave his memory the tribute of a tear when he was dead.

Nature gave him a mind of no inferior mould. With the little learning that the schools impart, he sought the fields of truth and knowledge with delight. There was talent in him that could not rest until he was higher; and that talent was enough to give rich promise that, if he struggled, he would rise. There was a beautiful glow in his imagination, aspiring dignity in his thoughts, and much refinement in his taste. His soul was higher than his fortune—and higher than the souls of many who seemed to live above him. There was more than one mystery of melancholy interest that threw the shades of cypress-wreath and withered bloom upon the garden of his early hopes. His heart was wont to sigh over buried joys, with that despair that grave-sighs echo; and it sometime shuddered with a strange regret, as slighted duty flapped her raven wings and uttered sad reproachful cries over the faded scenes of the irrevocable past. These pages shall not remove the sacred veil of these mysteries; but he who reads

is warned to hearken to the great commands of God, in youth or riper years, whatever bribes the world may offer—whatever fears the heart may feel.

Mr. Gorman went to the field in 1861 as a member of the Band of the 4th N. C. Regiment, Col. G. B. Anderson. He was an accomplished musician. There was something in music congenial to his own heart-life. He knew its power well enough to feel tha his position was no vain sinecure in an army. Great Captains have recognized and proven its potency to sustain the spirits and the morale of soldiers. Of this, celebrated illustrations could be cited. In this sketch, I shall quote frequently and at length from the letters written to me by him—giving his language unchanged.

Writing from Manassas, early in 1862, he says: "I think my duty is *here*, and I am resolved to stand the storm, though I find a last resting-place beneath the genial soil of the Old Dominion." Soon after this he visited Salisbury, but rejoined his regiment on its forced march from Manassas to the Peninsula.

In a letter of the 17th of April, written from Yorktown, exposed to the terrible fire of the gunboats on the flank and the artillery and rifles in front, he states that the grand explosions of the 86 pound shells bursting about him—"are the delightful music that lulls us to sleep almost every night. The Band has entirely ceased to play, for every time we have played since we have been here, the yankee batteries have opened upon us, compelling us to acknowledge our music no comparison to theirs in tone or effect. * * * I myself feel strongly inclined to hang my horn upon a limb and take my station at the batteries. Time alone will decide what course I will pursue. I trust it will be the right one in the end."

After the retreat from Yorktown, he writes again from near Richmond, under date of the 23d of May: "All I can say is, we are here, having passed through terrible times in getting here. We endured hunger, fatigue and cold, rain, mud and hard tramping, quite enough to do me for the rest of my life. I have seen some of the horrors of war, quite sufficient to convince me that it is a curse to any nation. Heaven grant this may speedily end."

A sad and thrilling account of his experience is given in a letter dated the 6th of June. The terrible "Battle of Seven Pines" had poured its floods of blood and agony on the famous Penin-

sula since he last wrote. When the regiment was ordered into the fight, he was left behind on special duty; but he could not remain in full hearing of the horrid din and roar without drawing nearer to witness it. He states: 'After going about three-fourths of a mile I came to an open field beyond which death was playing dreadful havoc with our boys. I remained some time there, shells and grape and minnie balls whistling a lively air around the while, until I saw men—to me seemingly countless—coming back. I concluded the thing was up and we were compelled to give way, and I went back to my charge. But I was mistaken. The tide of battle went Yankeedom-ward. So I went to the hospital and did all I could to alleviate the horrible sufferings of the wounded till late at night. Heavens! what sights I witnessed! Piled in heaps lay arms and legs amputated—an awful scene;—while from the bloody masses of flesh went up such piercing cries that the blood almost chilled around the fountain of life. * * * One hundred, or nearly, of the devoted 4th sleep to-day the sleep that knows no waking, and 260 are *hors de combat*, wounded in every conceivable shape and place. Oh! the misery of this fratricidal war! Would to Heaven it would end and that speedily!"

Who can read the following extract, from his letter of the 13th of the same month, without a sense of horror:

"How calm and still is everything since the grand battle of Seven Pines! Nature smiles so sweetly, the breeze sighs as peacefully, and the birds sing as enchantingly, as though no deeds of blood and carnage had been perpetrated near this now peaceful spot—deeds so dark that angels doubtless wept over the folly of men—for such scenes as I witnessed were enough to make the angels of darkness weep, were such a thing possible. I can't say I was in the battle, but I feel confident that I could have passed through it and not felt half the horror that I did at the hospitals. I remained at the hospital as long as wounded were brought from the field. When I first reached there, several had already been brought in. I noticed quite a number with wounds exposed, and horrible ones too. One I saw—don't know his name—had been hit by a shell on the right leg, just at the knee, taking away half his leg; not cutting it off, but nearly splitting it half and half, from six inches above to six inches below the knee—a horrible

spectacle indeed. He lay, however, seemingly perfectly easy—not a groan escaped his already ghastly lips. Several lay with wounds exposed, pierced through and through the stomach with minnie balls, upon whose features death had already set his seal; and they too died without a groan. Some had both legs torn off by shells, from whom arose heavenward the most piercing cries. God of Mercy! Such cries! Why the very blood chilled around the fountain of life, and I felt as though I would rather myself suffer their pain than stand and listen at their dying groans. I saw arms and legs amputated, and though chloroform was administered, the pain was so intense it had no effect, and the poor wretches broke the stillness of the night with cries so heartrending that it seemed to me the very corpses around them trembled. And such a shocking sight when the surgeon's task was done—arms and legs piled up like cord wood. No matter how strong your imagination you can't for your life picture a scene half so horrible as the terrible reality I witnessed. The regiment lost 375 killed and wounded, and to-day it can't start 400 men for duty."

The following harrowing recital was penned on the 5th of July, 1862, just after the series of tremendous engagements known as the "Seven Days' Battle:"

"The second scene in the great drama before Richmond has just been played, and the curtain drops. I feel wholly at a loss how or where to commence writing about it. I indeed saw none of that tragic play, but I saw what—to keep up the figure—may be called the after-piece. I will give you a peep at the 'post' where my duty called me. The regiment left camp on Thursday the 26th of June, about 2 o'clock in the morning, and after going some distance the Colonel sent back for the Band to follow on. We never got up with the regiment at all, as it went beyond the Chickahominy; and after looking around for it until day-light, we came back to camp and stayed there till next morning. We then started towards where the firing was heard the day before, and after going about six miles, we came to the battlefield of the previous day; and such sights! Not one dead Yankee did we see. I afterwards learned that they had been buried on the night of the battle by the Yankees—the wounded being carried off. The fight took place near a mill, and our brave boys (none of the 4th in the first fight) had to make a charge over the worst

place I ever saw. They had to charge down a very steep hill, across a bottom through which ran two creeks, both with deep banks, and just beyond them the enemy had strong rifle-pits, supported by splendid batteries. The carnage was awful. I counted no less than 30 or 40 men on a half acre. Fourteen lay in one heap at the ford of the first creek, and over the hill they lay thick. Our loss there was heavy but they routed the vandals from their strongholds. We looked around for some time, and then followed on the public road leading towards Yorktown. Every foot of land from that mill, as far as we went, about 12 miles, was one solid Yankee camp. They must have had a vast army encamped there. About noon we came up with Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, and saw the indomitable Jackson, with his fast, invincible 33,000. There we learned that Gen. D. H. Hill's Division was in hot pursuit, and on we followed, passing through the battlefield of Friday evening, where the vandals had made another stand, and had been routed with great slaughter. This time we saw dead Yankees whose name is "legion;" and although the brave Confederates had as much disadvantage as in the previous fight, they routed the enemy and took revenge for the loss of the previous day. I give the Yankees credit for selecting good fighting ground, and had they the grit of our boys they never would have been driven from this strong position.

"About 4 o'clock on Saturday we found the hospital of D. H. Hill's Division. Though I had my feelings wrought up to a high pitch, looking on the mutilated dead, on those bloody fields; yet that feeling was as nothing compared to what I saw and heard, when I saw the wounded, and heard the dying groans of those devoted braves. I shudder while I write about it. I am going to tell you a tale of horror which is true, and may God forbid I should ever have to witness the like again! Every one of the surgeons were ordered away, shortly after we arrived there, and there were scarcely any left to take care of the wounded. Our Band did all men could do, to render the condition of the wounded as good as possible. This was Saturday evening, and there we stayed, neither eating nor sleeping, day nor night, until Monday evening, and yet not one of our regiment had been moved or had any surgical operations performed. Some actually died for want of attention. I suppose that not less than 2000

wounded were there. Amputated limbs were lying all over the yard. The dead, none being there to bury them, lay among the suffering and dying, from which arose the most sickening stench. Their lifeless bodies were almost in motion with the myriad maggots that infested them. O! it was horrible! too awful to think about.

"Nor is this all. I myself did a task there that makes my flesh crawl to think of. A man from Company C, 4th Regiment, told me something hurt him under his arm. He was shot through the right breast, breaking his collar bone. When I looked, horror of horrors! one thousand maggots were working there. I borrowed a pair of scissors and went to work, and it took me half an hour to remove them. Such a grateful look did he give me that I could have done anything. I learned yesterday that he is doing finely in the hospital in Richmond, and says he owes his salvation to me and a Mr. Rickert of Statesville, who assisted me.

"Those three days were days of horror—a "reign of terror" indeed. Our regiment only lost about sixty killed and wounded. The regiment is now detached, as Gen. Hill thinks it has done its duty and needs rest. Company K lost three killed and seven or eight wounded. One of the killed of that company, a fine young man, Paul Barger, gave me his pocket book before we started, stating that possibly he might be killed and he did not want the Yankees to have his money. That was the last I ever of him."

In the following September, Mr. Gorman's vigorous constitution yielded to the effects of chronic disease. Then came fever, bronchitis and chills. He lingered in the army and hospitals till he was greatly reduced and came home in December, the mere shadow of his once stalwart form. On March 28th, 1863, he wrote me the last letter I received from him. Meanwhile I had visited him once, and found fell disease slowly working its fatal result. But just as he wrote he was enjoying one of these delusive hours of exhilaration so common with the victims of chronic disease. Writing from his little chamber where he had suffered so much and so long, he says:

"The coming season, with its green fields, its laughing streams, its smiling meadows, bursting buds, singing birds, opening flowers and bright, cheering sunshine, is quite enough to enkindle a new

and stronger desire to live and enjoy for a season these temporal blessings. All nature invites the sick to leave their beds and ramble through the woods and by the dancing streams and drink in the melody of the merry songsters. But, my friend, I leave my bed with one serious regret—I had hoped to go forth into the world a 'new creature,' blessed with the divine assurance of sins forgiven."

As early as February, 1861, he thus beautifully referred to his spiritual interests: "I have hope, strong hope, a radiant gleaming of a brighter, better, happier day, when the pearl of priceless value —compared to which the diamonds of Golconda and all the wealth of earth besides are glittering trash—shall be mine."

He soon left Salisbury to return no more. On a subsequent visit, hearing of his illness at Concord, I visited him for the last time one quiet lonely Sabbath evening. He was lying under the chill shadow of the wing of the angel of Death, and I could only utter the words of weeping friendship, and commend him in counsel and prayer to that best of friends whom none can trust too freely or love too well.

His spirit was a pearl, but it was shrouded from the light without which it could not shine. Remembering love indulges the hope that it is now basking in the radiant splendor of that world whose shadows are brighter than the shinings of this.

REPORT OF MAJOR FROBEL OF SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICK, MARYLAND,
September 9, 1862.

Captain W. H. SELLERS, Assistant Adjutant General:

Captain:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the participation of the batteries under my command in the battles of Friday and Saturday, August 29th and 30th:

At eleven, A. M., on Friday, I was ordered by General Hood to proceed to the right of the turnpike road and report to General Stuart. This I did, with Captain Bachman's battery, Reilly being already in position on the left, and Garden having no long-

range pieces. General Stuart had selected a position near the Alexander and Orange railroad. The battery was brought up, and immediately opened with marked effect on a column of the enemy moving to the right, which at once changed direction, moving rapidly to the left. Fifteen rounds were fired, when the distance being greatly increased, I ordered Captain Bachman to cease firing. At 1 P. M., Captain Reilly was ordered to the left of the turnpike, and to take position with other batteries on a hill commanding the hills near Groveton house, where the enemy had several batteries strongly posted. Immediately afterwards I proceeded with Captain Bachman's battery to the same position, (Captain Garden's being considered of too short range to be effective there.) The position assigned us was on the extreme left, both batteries passing through a heavy fire in reaching it. After being hotly engaged for two hours and-a-half, and firing about one hundred rounds, the enemy ceased firing and withdrew his guns. We were then ordered to return to the road, for the purpose of replenishing our ammunition. At three, P. M., on Saturday I was ordered by General Longstreet to proceed down the turnpike with all the batteries and take position on the left of the road, opening fire on the enemy's batteries posted in an orchard near Dogan's house. Immediately after, I was ordered to change position to the right of the road and advance, which was done. Captain Reilly taking position on the hill in front of Groveton house, engaging the batteries immediately in front, under a terrific fire, while Bachman's battery advanced still further, passing through the woods to the right, and assisted by the howitzer section of Reilly's battery, under command of Lieutenant Myers, opened on the flank. In changing position, Captain Bachman had one of his rifle guns disabled. Both batteries were handled with great skill and effect, and the fire of the enemy soon silenced. It being near dark, and ammunition exhausted, Reilly and Bachman were ordered to withdraw. In the meantime, I was ordered by Gen. Longstreet to advance Captain Garden's battery in the field on the left of the road. This was done, and a flanking fire opened on the batteries near Dogan's house. We were soon, however, ordered to cease, as Colonel Law's brigade was advancing in the opposite direction on the same point; the Federals, at the same time, manifesting great energy in the

rapidity of their movement down the turnpike and Sudley ford road. Captain Garden with two other batteries, continued to pursue until the Sudley road was reached, when, not being able to distinguish friend from foe in the darkness, the battery was finally withdrawn.

Of the conduct of officers and men in both engagements I cannot speak in terms too high. Captain Bachman and Garden handled their batteries with great skill, while Reilly sustained his old and well merited reputation. Lieutenant Sirgling, a gallant young officer, attached to Bachman's battery, fell, seriously (supposed to be mortally) wounded, at his guns, setting an example of cool bravery not often equalled. Enclosed you will find a list of the killed and wounded.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. W. Frobel,
Major and Chief of Artillery, Commanding.

REPORT OF MAJOR FROBEL OF THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

October 1, 1862.

Captain W. H. Sellers, A. A. G. :

Captain :—In compliance with orders to report the participation of the batteries under my command in the recent engagements before Sharpsburg, I would respectfully submit the following :

After bringing up the rear on the march from Boonsboro', Captains Reilly and Bachman's batteries were placed in position by Colonel Walton about noon on Monday, the 15th September, on a hill to the right of the turnpike road and a short distance in front of Sharpsburg ; Garden's battery being held in reserve, in case the enemy should attempt an advance by a bridge over the Antietam, still further on the right. We held these positions on Monday night.

On Tuesday, a fierce cannonade was kept up between our batteries and those of the enemy, in which Captain Reilly was ordered by Colonel Walton to participate until his rifle ammunition

was exhausted, but without any perceptible result. Bachman's battery was, at the same time, exposed to a heavy fire, but had orders not to reply. Tuesday night we occupied the same position.

On Wednesday morning, the battle was again renewed. Captain Reilly was sent to the rear to replenish, if possible, his exhausted ammunition. At eight o'clock, A. M., Captain Bachman, with a section of Napoleon guns, was ordered to report to the extreme left of our line and report to General Longstreet. Shortly after he was placed in position in a corn-field, and opened on the enemy at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. The position was exposed to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who occupied a wood not more than fifty yards off. In a few minutes, the section was disabled, on account of the loss of men and horses. I ordered him to retire, for the purpose of repairing damages. In the meantime, his rifle section was hotly engaged near the turnpike. This section was in charge of Sergeant Schlemmermeyer, who fought his guns most gallantly, and remained in position until his ammunition was expended.

At two o'clock, P. M., I received orders from Major General Jones to prepare to hold the road leading from the bridge over the Antietam, on our extreme right. A few minutes after, the enemy were reported advancing, the infantry near the bridge at the same time giving way. I immediately placed Garden's battery in position on the left of the road. The enemy had crossed the bridge and were advancing rapidly, under cover of a furious fire from all their batteries, concertrated upon us, when Garden's battery opened a most destructive fire upon them and, assisted by a rifle section under Captain Squiers, soon drove them back. Fearing that they might yet turn us by passing still further to the right, I directed Captain Garden to look well to the road and woods in front of him, while I proceeded to the right in search of General Jones. On arriving at the top of the hill to the right of the road, the enemy were advancing in strong force in that direction. By permission of General Jones, I placed Captain Brown's battery in position at this point. The enemy were distant about four hundred yards, when he opened a hot and well directed fire upon them, breaking their ranks and driving them back to the cover of a hill from which they had just advanced.

At this time, large bodies of the enemy (infantry and artillery) were moving on the opposite side of the river. When near the bridge, they halted some ten or fifteen minutes. I immediately sent to Captain Reilly to come up, as the guns then in position were all short-range and could not reach them on the bridge. Being without ammunition, only his howitzer section was available. I at once placed it in position. The enemy had, in the meantime, advanced some eight or ten guns and placed them in front of us. Under fire of these, assisted by their long-range batteries on the opposite bank, their lines advanced. Their sharpshooters at the same time opened a hot fire on us from a corn-field on our right, a stone fence in front, and a wood and orchard near by. Our batteries immediately replied, and continued their fire until the line was broken and the enemy recoiled.

At this time the enemy were distant less than one hundred yards. Our ammunition was exhausted. One of Captain Garden's guns was dismounted, the carriage being entirely destroyed; another rendered utterly useless by the bursting of a shell, while from one of Captain Reilly's pieces all the horses had been killed. But three guns remained fit for service, and they were without ammunition. Having run the pieces to the rear by hand and secured our disabled guns, the enemy all the time advancing firing upon us, I ordered the battery to retire.

In passing to the turnpike, Lieutenant Ramsay, in command of the rifle section of Captain Reilly's battery, came up to our support. At that time the enemy occupied the position we had just left, and were advancing in line. I ordered Lieut. Ramsay to take position in the field to the right of the road and open, which he did, soon breaking their line and throwing them into great confusion. At this time General A. P. Hill came up, and, charging, drove them from the field.

I regret to report that First Lieutenant Pringle, of Garden's battery, after fighting his guns most gallantly, fell, late in the day, mortally wounded, and has since died.

I cannot too highly applaud the conduct of both officers and men. Captains Bachman and Reilly fought their batteries with their usual determination and devotion to the cause. Captain Garden, Lieutenants Simmons, Myers, Ramsay, and Schlemmermeyer deserve particular notice for their gallant

conduct during the battle, and also Assistant Surgeon Buist for his attention to the sick. Acting Adjutant W. L. Scott rendered me great assistance, and is entitled to my warmest thanks.

Enclosed you will find a list of killed and wounded.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. W. FROBEL,
Major and Chief of Artillery, Commanding.

REPORT OF COLONEL L. S. BAKER.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST NORTH CAROLINA CAVALRY,
August 9, 1862.

Captain BARKER, Assistant Adjutant General First Brigade :

Captain :—I have the honor to report that the enemy advanced to the Gatewood field about nine o'clock, P. M., on the 4th instant, and there halted during the night. A courier was despatched to Lieutenant Colonel Young and to me, at that time, saying that the enemy was coming up in large force—artillery, infantry and cavalry. I immediately marched down with my regiment and soon satisfied myself that the report forwarded to me was correct. Another courier was immediately forwarded by me, about half past ten o'clock, to Lieutenant Colonel Young to make the same report as at first, and state that I thought they would go by the Quaker road to Malvern Hill in the morning, and that he must be on the alert and forward the report to General Hampton. I also despatched an officer to General Ripley, informing him, as he had directed me to call on him for assistance whenever neceesary. The officer says he reached the General's headquarters at a quarter to four, A. M. The General wrote to me immediately, authorizing me to order up a section of artillery and two regiments of infantry on picket duty about four miles in my rear, and, if this was not enough, to send for the brigade that was out working. I sent an order at six, A. M., for the two regiments of infantry and the section of artillery to come up, but no answer was sent, and they did not come up. I was constantly expecting them until the arrival of General Ripley, about eleven o'clock, A. M. No explanation has been given for the

failure of the artillery and infantry to come to my assistance when ordered to do so. At daylight, the enemy advanced by the Nelson house and down the Quaker road to Malvern Hill. I sent another officer, at once, to General Ripley to announce that intelligence. General Hampton came over to my assistance between seven and eight o'clock, A. M., with the intention of following them, until I reported their force, and also that they were in force in front, and already at Malvern Hill. Captain Cheek made admirable disposition of his squadron on picket to get information, and the men performed the duty with judgment and bravery, keeping their position as videttes as long as it was possible, so as to estimate their force. Lieutenant Iredell, after remaining, with a few men as videttes until the enemy was in a few yards of him, fired and fell slowly back, killing, as I have since learned, two men and wounding several. The enemy endeavored to advance his pickets to cover his march, but I dismounted Captain Siler's company as skirmishers, and, after a few moments of spirited firing, the enemy fell back, and I obtained position to ascertain his force again. Captain Siler's officers and men behaved very gallantly. On the 5th and 6th, thirty-three prisoners were captured by Captains Barringer's and Houston's squadrons. I lost seven men (four of Captain Cheek's and three of Captain Wood's company)—a post near Malvern Hill, who had orders to report any advance of the enemy to Lieutenant Colonel Young's pickets. They remained too long and were unable to make their way to him. One of my men came up to me late in the day stating this fact. I also lost on the 6th, one man prisoner from Captain Ruffin's company, and had one badly wounded from Captain Houston's company.

I am, sir, with much respect,

L. S. Baker,

Colonel First North Carolina Cavalry.

J. S. R. MILLAR, ADJUTANT 1st REGIMENT N. C. STATE TROOPS.

If Col. M. S. Stokes had done nothing else to display his good judgment as a military man, he would be entitled to the thanks of his regiment for having selected the subject of this imperfect

sketch as Adjutant of his command. It is a source of regret to the writer that so little of the early history of Capt. Millar is accessible to him, but as a survivor of the regiment, to the efficiency of which he added so greatly, I am not willing that his eminent services and the manner of his death shall be either ignored or entirely forgotten. It is a part of the unwritten history of the great contest for Southern independence, which may at some future day assist our historians in giving to the world a just estimate of the great conflict that was waged so gallantly for our rights, and on this account, if for no other reason, ought to be treasured up. Besides this, I feel, that to the memory of Capt. Millar, I owe an additional tribute, in that while an inexperienced Orderly Sergeant, I received from him many marks of personal kindness, and much valuable instruction.

Capt. Millar was raised in the vicinity of Morganton, N. C., I think, and in early life became a merchant. His mercantile career proving unsuccessful, and feeling a natural restlessness incident to misfortune and youth, he left his quiet home in the mountains, and joined the U. S. Army as a private soldier. To what regiment of infantry he was assigned is not known, nor does it matter; this much is known, that by his soldierly qualities and good conduct as a gentleman, he attracted the attention of his superiors, and was repeatedly promoted until he became Sergeant Major of the regiment. Here I might pause awhile to show how circumstances seemed to be fitting him for the position he was to assume and honor, in the struggle for what is now known as the "lost cause;" for all military men know that the Sergeant-Major's position is the best of schools for the Adjutancy.

With his regiment he bore a part in the expedition against the Mormons under that Chevalier Bayard of the Southern army, General Albert Sydney Johnston, and when the mutterings of war between the States began to be heard, he was on duty in New Mexico. His health being impaired and instinctively longing to be with his native State in the struggle that he knew was rapidly approaching, he obtained leave of absence, and at the same time application was made for a discharge. He reached home after a long and perilous journey through the western wilds just as the storm broke forth, and soon after, thanks to the Southern feelings of Gen. John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, received his dis-

charge from the Army. The imprisoned spirit was free at last, and with filial devotion he buckled on his sword for his State, and was appointed by Col. Stokes his Adjutant. Few men in the Confederate Army had had his opportunities, and I may safely assert that in all the army he had but few equals and no superiors in his position. His was not only theoretical but practical training, and all the minutiæ of his office seemed perfectly at his command. Years of drill in the ranks had made him perfect in his bearing as a soldier, and his appointment to the highest non-commissioned rank had given him the style of an officer that added, to his well-proportioned form, dignity and grace.

Col. Stokes, who seemed to recognize merit in a soldier almost instinctively, knew his worth from the beginning, and loved him with a brother's devotion. In the absence of Col. S., Lieutenant Millar, at the request of the other field officers, assumed command on drill, and rendered valuable service in instructing both officers and men in the manœuvres of the line. But it was in his position as Adjutant that his merit was most conspicuously exhibited. After the fall of Newbern, our Brigade was sent to Goldsboro, and went into camp on the railroad that leads from that place to Kinston. Here, I recollect, the General in command instituted brigade guard-mounting, and it was made the duty of the regimental adjutants to officiate in succession. I hope I shall not be accused of underrating the abilities of other adjutants, when it is said that Millar's morning to mount the guard always attracted the brigade *en masse* to witness his performance. The gallant Gen. W. R. Cox told the writer in '64 that he had seen many adjutants perform the duty of mounting guard, but none that he ever witnessed could compare with Millar.

At the battle of Ellison's Mills, on the 26th of June, 1862, a day black with misfortune to the 1st Regiment, he received a painful wound in the heel, and was carried to a hospital in Richmond and placed in a room with his Colonel, whom he loved so well, and who had suffered amputation of one of his legs. He saw him in sufferings and heard him in deliriums, while the sweat of death grew damp upon his brow, talk of his regiment—his pride, his great hope of fame. After his recovery, Adjutant Millar returned a saddened and almost heart-broken man. Stokes was no longer there, and there was a form missing whose place no other could take.

A vacancy having occurred in Company H, by the death of Capt. Rives, from wounds received in battle, the officers in command of the regiment, at the solicitation of that company, recommended Adjutant Millar for the position and he received his commission as Captain from the Governor of North Carolina. He soon endeared himself to his command, and though strict in discipline, the men knew they had an officer who would do his duty and maintain their rights. But I must hasten to the conclusion of his career.

June 15th, 1863, when Milroy was driven out of Winchester, we intercepted his retreat a few miles out of Winchester, and a sharp engagement ensued. Capt. Millar was ordered to assume command of a detachment from the regiment, and deploy to the left of the line of march to prevent the escape of the enemy in that direction. He had not advanced far, before coming up with a strong body of infantry, and as soon as discovered, both sides opened a rapid fire, the enemy in the meantime attempting to pass by, on Millar's left. The gallant Millar led his trusty braves against them, preferring to make the attack bold and decided to prevent their escape. Scarcely had he gotten his men well under fire, before he fell at the head of the column, shot through the head, and expired instantly. His remains were taken to Winchester, where they were put into a suitable coffin, and under the charge of one who knew him well, brought back to his native State for interment.

Thus fell, in the vigor of manhood, a gallant and accomplished soldier, an ornament to the profession of arms, and a devoted son of the Old North State. Our good old State cannot afford to suffer the memory of her gallant dead to grow dim by the lapse of time, and as a survivor of the gallant regiment who were partakers in the glory of his name and accomplishments, I feel a pride in having participated with him in many trying scenes, and would therefore dedicate to his memory this feeble sketch, which is to the writer a labor of love. Upon his tombstone let there be inscribed, "Here lies a gallant and accomplished soldier," and his memory should ever be green in the hearts of the survivors of the 1st Regiment, N. C. Troops.

T. D. B.

HERTFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE LATE COL. JAMES W. HINTON.

In announcing the death of this distinguished son of North Carolina the Norfolk *Virginian* said :

"Not only Norfolk but all of Tidewater Virginia and North Carolina, and indeed the whole of both Commonwealths, and large numbers of people of other States, will unite with us in mourning the loss of one of our most eminent citizens : a loss which will be felt, not only in the home circle, in the profession which he adorned, in the political arena, but wherever his name was known, or his face remembered by those who have listened to the eloquent language of Col. JAMES W. HINTON, whose sad and untimely death we have now to record.

"Yesterday morning, (January 20), Col. Hinton was down town, and in conversation with a friend spoke of feeling unusually well. Between 12 and 1 o'clock he entered the law office of Messrs. Goode & Chaplain, his former partners, on business, and was conversing with Mr. Goode for some time, when, on attempting to leave the room, he was stricken with paralysis. Dr. William Selden, his family physician, was immediately called in, who did all that was possible, and the sufferer was conveyed to his residence on York street as soon as practicable. From this attack Col. Hinton sunk gradually, until about six o'clock, he breathed his last peacefully in the bosom of his family.

"An occasion of this sort is one of those occurances which demands more than the usual notice. Col. Hinton was a man among men, and although never having held any high public office, his name is a familiar one from one end of the Union to the other, and we therefore compile a short sketch of his life.

"He was born in Pasquotank county, North Carolina, in the year 1827, and in his boyhood received only a common country school education. He was, however, studious and diligent, and at an early age acquired the confidence of those who knew him. In 1855 or '56, he was elected clerk of his native county, having previously taken up his residence in Elizabeth City, the county seat. This office he held to the entire satisfaction of his constituents until the breaking out of the war. During his occupancy of that office, he studied law, and obtained a license to practice in 1858, entering at once upon an active practice. In his profession

he soon exhibited his remarkable talents, and gave promise of that eminence he afterwards attained in the legal forum.

"Early imbued with the political principles of the Old Line Whig stamp, he, in the memorable Presidential campaign of 1860, when the names of Bell and Douglas and Breckenridge, were before the people, was appointed an elector for Bell and Everett, and not only thoroughly canvassed his own district, but also other portions of the State.

Although, as we have said, he was an Old Line Whig, and also a Union man, he was nevertheless opposed to any attempt at coercion, and when the spring of 1861 opened, he espoused cordially the cause of his State and section, and raised a company in his native county, of which he was elected Captain, and which was attached to the 8th North Carolina Regiment. He afterwards was prominent in raising and organizing the 68th North Carolina regiment, of which he was elected the Colonel, continuing in that command until the close of the war. As a soldier, he was brave and generous, winning the devotion of his own men, and the respect of his enemies;—higher praise in that profession cannot be awarded.

With the collapse of the Confederacy, he, with all others, who followed the fortunes of the "Stars and Bars," found himself with shattered fortunes and with a family dependent upon his exertions for a livelihood, and in looking around for an eligible location, settled upon this city as his future residence. He again entered upon the practice of his profession, and at once took that stand to which his attainments and talents entitled him, and has ever since maintained an enviable position in the bar of our city.

In adopting Virginia as his home, he at once allied himself to her fortunes, and being an ardent politician, his voice was soon heard in advocacy of the rights of the white race, and it was not long before the well-deserved appellation of the "war-horse" was conferred upon him by his admirers. He was foremost in every campaign since his residence here, and at one time held the position of Conservative Superintendent, in which he did great service to the cause. In the Greeley campaign of 1872, Col. Hinton was an active canvasser, and made a tour of the State of Ohio, uttering a series of speeches which electrified his hearers wherever he appeared. In the late contest between the Hon. John Goode

and Colonel Platt, his efforts were unceasing and its effects were incalculable. To use the words of a gentleman whose voice was heard in nearly every voting place in the district, "To Col. Hinton, more than any one else, was Mr. Goode indebted for his election." His thunder tones woke our people up, and his researches into the records furnished pabulum for all the speakers in the canvass. The effect we have all seen, and there is no necessity for saying anything further; his record is embalmed in the memory of the whole people.

Col. Hinton at an early age embraced religion, and entered the Methodist Church, in which denomination he continued up to the time of his death. He was a member of the Granby street M. E. Church, and was also President of the Sabbath School Association of Norfolk, Portsmouth and Berkley, and in that peculiar department, he was, as in everything else, enthusiastic and persevering, exerting every effort to bring pupils to the schools under the control of the Association, and making himself almost indispensable to that body.

Our notice has been necessarily brief, but we cannot close it without alluding to the subject of this notice in his family relations. As a husband and father he was devoted in the extreme, and we have never seen any one who was more peculiarly fitted to adorn the home circle, or who was more thoroughly appreciated in all the relations of life."

A JOURNAL OF REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

By W. A. Curtis.

Sketches of Company "A" 2nd Regiment of North Carolina Cavalry, from May 1st, 1861 to January 1st, 1862.

Number One.

IT WAS about the middle of May, 1861, that a very sudden and determined reaction took place among the people of Western North Carolina, who had previously been opposed to secession, and had voted, by an overwhelming majority, against Convention. The causes which led to this sudden change

on the part of our honest mountain yeomanry, are perhaps very well understood, as having been caused by the course which President Lincoln was disposed to pursue with regard to the seceded States. First, his proclamation of the 15th of April, calling upon North Carolina for troops, to wage war upon her sister States of the South, began to kindle the fires of patriotism in their breasts, and then the intelligence of his attempting to reinforce the garrison at Fort Sumter, after promising the Peace Commissioners at Washington that the Fort should be evacuated in less than ten days, was well calculated to fan the sparks of patriotism, already started, into a violent flame, especially when it was understood that Mr. Lincoln's, who had just been elected President, policy was for war, and in violation of the Constitution of the United States, he assumed the unprecedented prerogative of declaring war upon South Carolina and the other seceded States. As these proceedings on the part of the President became the all-absorbing topic of conversation in Cherokee and Clay counties, it became evident that war was inevitable, and the formation of military companies began seriously to engage the attention of the people. George W. Hayes, who was then the Representative from Cherokee and Clay counties, in the General Assembly, had been appointed and commissioned a Captain, with authority to raise a company of cavalry, and returning home from Raleigh in May, he at once went to work to raise his company, which was completed within a few days by the enrollment of one hundred and eight men. Even before the assembling of the State Convention on the 20th of May, it was a foregone conclusion that the State would secede, and when that event took place, it found the country ready to engage in a war, and to link the destiny of North Carolina with that of the Southern Confederacy. Captain Hayes' company of "Cherokee Rangers," was the first company to march from these counties to the war. It was made up for three years or the war, and first entered the State service and was afterwards transferred to the Confederate States Army. The company was ordered to assemble on the 19th of June, 1861, at Valleytown in Cherokee county, at which time and place the company was organized by the election of officers. Although Captain Hayes had been commissioned for the purpose and had raised the company, he declined to assume the command of it, without

an election, and on submitting himself as a candidate, he was unanimously elected as Captain, which was unmistakable evidence of the popularity and high esteem with which he was regarded by his men. The following is the roll of the company as first organized :

CHEROKEE RANGERS.

OFFICERS :

George W. Hayes, Captain.
John V. B. Rogers, 1st Lieutenant.
Wm. P. Moore, 2nd Lieutenant.
John M. Martin, 2nd Lieutenant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS :

Jacob E. Williams, Orderly Sergeant.
N. W. Moore, Quartermaster Sergeant.

David L. Whitaker, 1st Sergeant ; Hilliard W. Ledford, 2nd Sergeant ; E. J. Fain, 3rd Sergeant ; Joab L. Moore, 4th Sergeant. J. P. Sanderson, 1st Corporal ; Caswell L. Fain, 2nd Corporal ; Wm. A. Loudermilk, 3rd Corporal ; Jno. B. Standridge, 4th Corporal. *Buglers*—Thos. J. Colvard and McAnelly Cooper.

PRIVATES :

John A. Ammons,
David P. Arrowwood,
Wm. Angel,
John O. Brown,
John S. Brown,
William H. Brown,
David A. Byers,
Samuel Bryson,
Samuel B. Brady,
F. S. Brockman,
Julius W. Brittain,
Ezekiel Birchfield,
W. Birchfield,
Homer Barnard,
William P. Berry,
John D. Berry,
George W. Johnson,
Andrew J. Johnson,
Mark C. King,
John Kelley,
Elisha Kilpatrick,
William H. Ledford,
Hembree C. Ledford,
Thomas R. Manchester,
William R. McCornell,
Pinckney A. Moore,
Wm. J. Martin,
Benjamin F. Martin,
Nicholas McGuire,
G. L. D. McClelland,
Terrell Newman,
David Panther,

Smith W. Coffey,
Wm. H. Carver,
William J. Clark,
A. N. Colvard,
William P. Colvard,
Payton S. Colvard,
William A. Curtis,
Miles Codey,
John F. Crawford,
Green B. Cooper,
John H. Dale,
Jacob Dale,
William D. Dale,
Alberter D. Dale,
Miles H. Davis,
Abram E. Evans,
Allan T. Edwards,
Abram A. Eller,
Francis M. Fisher,
Samuel C. Ferguson,
Thomas M. Ferguson,
Waitsel A. Hagler,
Joseph L. Hicks,
James H. Hicks,
John C. Huskins,
David C. Harvill,
Fidella Harwood,
Solomon Haney,
Joseph Hawkins,
Eli Ingram,
John T. Pullam,
Amaziah M. Price,
Fielding Price,
W. S. P. Roberts,
Eli Roberts,
George W. Rowan,
P. M. G. Rhea,
Bluford Rhea,
John H. Rhea,
B. T. Sherrill,
James M. Shields,
W. M. Sherrill,
L. L. Sherrill,
Ross B. Smith,
John M. Sanders,
George W. Snider,
George W. Sanderson,
John Sanders,
John Swanger,
Isaac J. Slaughter,
Francis M. Taylor,
Wm. B. Tidwell,
Joseph Tucker,
Jonathan Welch,
Jesse M. Walker,
William B. Wilson,
William York,
McDowell York,
D. N. Zimmerman,
H. Zimmerman.

After the organization of the company on the 19th of June, the men were dismissed to find lodging for the night, in the vicinity of Valleytown among the kind citizens, and over a hundred were entertained in this manner, and furnished with the best the country afforded, not only for supper and breakfast, but next day two wagons were loaded with the very best provisions and dainties of all descriptions, which the country could afford, and the skill of the ladies could prepare, which were sent with the company on the march.

On the morning of June 30th, 1861, the company and a very large number of the citizens, assembled quite early, and after "falling into ranks," and engaging in one of the most extensive and impressive "farewell exercises," that it has ever been my lot to witness, at 8 o'clock, amid cheers, and an enormous shower of handsome boquets of flowers, the first command, "Right face! Forward march!" was given by Captain Hayes, and the "Cherokee Rangers" turned their backs upon many a pleasant home, and took up their first march to the front to meet a cruel and oppressive foe, in defence of home, country, honor and right. Asheville, North Carolina, was the point to which they were ordered. In gay spirits, and with many merry songs, we passed the first day's march, and halted near sunset, and went into camp for the night. The first night of our camp life was passed on the west side of the Nantahala Mountain, four miles east of the Jarrett House, near a beautiful, clear, mountain stream,—a spot which it has been my good fortune to visit frequently since the close of the war, and can never refrain from halting and contemplating with deep interest, the little plat of ground, where, for the first time, as a volunteer soldier, I stretched my tent, and reposed for the night by that beautiful stream, whose crystal waters are emblematical of the pure and noble cause in which we were enlisted, and for whose defence we were then leaving our homes among Carolina's green-crested hills, to take upon ourselves the dangers and privations of camp life. Even to-day, nine years after the close of the war, although overpowered, subjugated, and oppressed by the "best government the world ever saw," I can sincerely and proudly acknowledge, that I harbor no regrets within my breast for the part I acted during the four years I served as a Confederate soldier.

Next morning we resumed the march, and as not more than one-third of the company had procured horses, the larger portion was under the necessity of marching on foot, which rendered our progress rather slow for cavalry, but by changing and letting all ride a portion of the time, we moved on quite smoothly, and in good spirits.

After five days marching, we reached Asheville on the morning of the 25th of June, and went into camp at Camp Woodfin, one mile from town. In the evening of the same day, the com-

pany was sworn into the service of the State by Major John W. Woodfin, then commanding at Asheville. On our arrival at Asheville, we found four companies of cavalry already encamped in the vicinity, as follows: Buncombe Rangers, Watauga Rangers, Nantahala Rangers, and Mecklenburg Rangers, from the counties of Buncombe, Watauga, Macon and Mecklenburg.

A few days later, Capt. Rufus Barringer, arrived from Cabarrus county, with the Cabarrus Rangers.

These companies, six in number, were all assigned to the first cavalry regiment, our company being designated as Company B; but soon afterward Capt. Hayes, who was at Raleigh attending the Legislature, preferred going into what was then termed Spruill's Legion, but which was afterwards designated as the 2nd N. C. Cavalry regiment, and ours became Company A.

About a month after our arrival at Asheville, all the other cavalry companies were ordered away to the eastern portion of the State, and we remained during the rest of the Summer, at Camp Woodfin, drilling almost daily. While here Lieut. John M. Martin resigned, and George W. Snider was elected to succeed him.

We remained at Asheville during the Summer, to drill and procure arms and horses. We were to be mounted on horses furnished by the State, and those who owned horses were required to take them before a board of valuation and have them appraised and sell them to the State, and no member was allowed to take a private horse into the service. During the Summer Capt. Hayes went to Raleigh, and obtained money to purchase horses and arms for the State, to mount his company. We were fully mounted and armed with double-barrelled shot-guns, by the middle of October, but not more than half the men had procured saddles.

While here, an inspection of the company was made by Colonel Baker, (subsequently General,) who discharged a number of the men from the company, for various causes. As well as I now remember, the following were the names of those discharged: John S. Brown, E. Birchfield, W. Birchfield, W. H. Carver, W. J. Clark, A. N. Colvard, Miles Codey, A. T. Edwards, Fidella Harwood, Jos. Hawkins, B. T. Sherrill, W. M. Sherrill, Ross B. Smith, John Sanders, making fourteen. After this pruning none were left in the company except sound, healthy and well-formed men, which,

on many occasions called forth compliments from citizens and soldiers, as being an excellent company of good looking, hardy men.

On Sunday night, July 14th, 1861, the mail brought the sad intelligence of the death of Governor Ellis, which occurred a week before. Next day the officers and flags were draped in mourning, and a volley of guns was fired every half hour from sunrise till sunset. The company left Asheville on the 23rd of October, 1861, under orders to march to Newbern, N. C., and after marching five days reached Hickory Station, then near the terminus of the Western North Carolina Railroad, on the morning of the 28th, where it was determined that half the company should proceed by railroad to Raleigh, and there await the arrival of the remainder of the company, which was to bring up the horses and baggage, which necessarily required several days. The portion of the company that proceeded by rail, reached Raleigh on the 30th of October, and went into camp near the depot, where we remained until the 13th of November, the remaining portion of the company having arrived in the meantime.

While here we were equipped with cavalry saddles and sabres, both of which were rather inferior in appearance and workmanship. We still retained our double-barrelled fowling-pieces, which were purchased of the citizens of Western Carolina.

Thus equipped, we felt ourselves ready to meet the foe and try our mettle. We resumed the march on the 12th of November, and after six days reached Newbern on the 19th, and went into camp on the Fair Grounds, on the bank of Neuse River, and near the depot.

On our arrival at Newbern, we found Companies C and H encamped in the Fair Grounds under command of Lieut. Col. Robinson. These were the first companies of the regiment we met.

At this time the second squadron (companies B and G,) were stationed at Washington, N. C., under command of Capt. C. M. Andrews of Co. B, and companies D, E, F, I and K, were at Edenton, N. C., under command of Col. Spruill.

The regiment, as at first organized, consisted of the following officers and companies:

Colonel—Samuel B. Spruill, of Bertie county.

Lieut. Colonel—Wm. G. Robinson, of Wayne county.

Major—John W. Woodfin, of Buncombe county.
Company A—Capt. George W. Hayes, of Cherokee county.
Company B—Capt. Clinton M. Andrews, of Iredell county.
Company C—Capt. John Boothe, of Gates county.
Company D—Capt. James W. Strange, of Cumberland county.
Company E—Capt. Columbus A. Thomas, of Cumberland co.
Company F—Capt. Barzillai L. Cole, of Guilford county.
Company G—Capt. Lewis Satterthwaite, of Beaufort county.
Company H—Capt. John Randolph, of Northampton county.
Company I—Capt. Jesse L. Bryan, of Moore county.
Company K—Josiah Turner, Jr., of Orange.

In December, the five companies which had been stationed at Edenton, came to Newbern, under command of Major Woodfin. Many of the men of these companies were not yet mounted, but succeeded in procuring horses during the months of January and February following. In December, the regiment built winter quarters on the opposite side of the Trent river from Newbern and one mile above the town, which camp was named Camp Fisher.

The maximum number of men in Company A was not reduced on account of the fourteen who had been discharged at Asheville, owing to the fact that others had come into the company, which kept up the number. Up to the time of arriving at Newbern, all the men had enjoyed excellent health, but the close of the year found several of the men in the hospital with measles and fever, but up to this time we had not lost a man from death, or any other cause, except those who had been discharged by the inspecting officer as above stated.

The company was composed of good material and presented quite a striking appearance, for good, hardy and healthy looking men of superior muscular power, and rather above an average in size and weight, and having been reared in the mountains and much accustomed to the skillful use of the horse, they were naturally excellent riders and took great pride in their many exploits of good horsemanship, so that they always commanded the admiration and applause of the people wherever they went. Nor was this the only accomplishment, as was proven subsequently on many battle-fields, where they proved themselves able to wield the sabre and use the rifle with great skill and effect. The close

of the first year of the war found us at Camp Fisher, on the bank of the Trent without an opportunity having been offered for us to become initiated into that part of warfare which tries the mettle of the soldier, an opportunity for which we were impatiently waiting.

For Our Living and Our Dead.

A VISION.

BY S. D. BAGLEY.

I dreamed that, on the steep and rocky bank
Of rushing Shenandoah, I saw a throng
Of shades of heroes gathered, who had come
To welcome to their midst the noble one,
Who on that soft October night was then
About to leave his people. And the air
Was fanned by rushing pinions, as they came
In quick succession. They had waited till
The clock had tolled the midnight hour, and I
Beheld them separate; and through the throng
Came one, whose portly form and noble brow
Bespoke a hero, standing in their front
As monarch of them all. I looked behind,
And, through the gloom advancing, I beheld
The noble form and princely grace of him
Who owned a nation's adoration, and
At sight of him, the leader of that throng
Advancing spoke, "Thrice welcome, Robert Lee,
We've waited for you long; and God
Has called you home, thou brave and gallant son
Of my Virginia. Look! the heroes throng
To welcome you. I've come from Vernon's tomb
To bid you welcome to the spirit-land."
Another tall shade then of princely form
Come rushing forward, and with open arms,
Enfolded him, and spoke, "My noble boy,
Thy father's shade has left its resting place

To welcome you, and on your noble head
To place the laurel, and with pride to say,
Well done, my son." Another then advanced
And silently he threw his arms around
The hero's form, and pressed him to his breast;
Then spoke aloud, "'Tis Jackson's part to place
Upon your head the amaranth and say,
Thrice welcome, Robert Lee." And all the shades
In harmony cried out, "Welcome, thou brave
And gallant son of old Virginia. Thou hast well
Performed thy part. A nation's tears bedew
The ground where sleeps thy mortal part, and gives
With weeping heart, the tribute that is due.—
And soon the monumental shaft will rise
To show the homage that a people pays
To unassuming virtue."
Then I waked,
And from the far-off town, I heard the voice
Of weeping. As the day-dawn came, I rose
And wandered to the town;—and tearful eyes
Told me that it was no vision I had seen;—
That Robert Lee had gone unto the God,
Who gave him to the world, by noble deeds
To show us how a Christian warrior lives,
And how he dies.
Thou peerless one and true,
Triumphant was thy death; and we will place
The amaranth and laurel on thy tomb
For *thee*, while by their side the willow tree
Shall bend its graceful folds for *us;* For *thine*
Is victory and immortal glory; *Ours*
The chains which tyrants bind, and grief
That thou hast left us, peerless Robert Lee.

EDITORIAL.

———:o:———

DID GEN. LEE OFFER TO LEAD TWO BRIGADES?

It is well known that there have been many discussions in regard to the battle of Waterloo. Not only have the French and English historians differed in their accounts of that decisive victory, but there have been many variant opinions among English writers with reference to it. This antagonism and contradiction are not matters for surprise to any one who has ever attended a court of justice on States' day, when cases of assault and battery were on trial, and has heard the opposing testimony of witnesses of respectability, each giving the fight as he saw it from his own peculiar stand-point. The only way to arrive at the truth is to patiently hear all the evidence, and then reconciling as far as possible discordant statements, to adopt that theory which appears to be most consistent with probability and is sustained by the largest number of intelligent and reputable witnesses.

We are reminded of this by some of the discussions that have grown out of certain events that transpired during the late war. Most of our readers can recall instances in which our commanders were sharply censured by civilians, who, as critics upon the art of war, rubbed their editorial pens and proceeded to demolish the generalship of officers of large experience and established reputations: notably was this the case with reference to Gen. A. S. Johnston in his Kentucky campaign, Gen. Joe Johnston and Gen. Beauregard after the First Battle of Manassas, and Gen. Lee after the battle of Fredericksburg. It has since transpired that much of this criticism was of the usual civilian sort in military matters, and that the censure was alike unjust and unwarranted.

If the subject to which we will presently direct the readers attention, were of a kind to allow criticism, in view of the failure just referred to on the part of certain pretentious and incapable writers, and in our own ignorance of the matters in dispute, we would hesitate long before we would make the attempt. Our sole object in referring to the mooted point is to ascertain, if pos-

ible, the truth, and to make a suggestion that may relieve or remove the antagonism. We may mention that North Carolina is not concerned in the discussion only so far as she is interested always in questions of justice and fairness between sister Southern States. Possibly we may be able to consider the subject more dispassionately than those who are more immediately interested in the question at issue. Now what is that question?

Rev. William Jones, of Virginia, has written a work connected with Gen. Lee.* We have not seen a copy, and cannot say whether it is a biography of the great Confederate, or simply sketches of the war. But we learn from the Virginia papers that Mr. Jones states upon as high authority as Gen. Jubal Early that it was a Virginia Brigade Gen. Lee offered to lead into battle during his campaign in 1864 against Grant, and that it was a Virginia officer who seized the reins of his bridle, and cried out to the noble Chieftain that if he led the charge they would not follow, but if he would go to the rear they would drive the enemy from the field. Upon reading this statement, we confess we felt no little surprise, as we had never before heard it attributed to any other than Hood's old Texas Brigade. Immediately after one of the battles in 1864, the papers contained various accounts of a scene similar to the above, in all of which the Texas Brigade figured, and no other. As we understand the matter, Gen. Early makes the assertion that it was a Virginia Brigade, and we presume of his own knowledge. We recognize his ability as a writer and his high integrity as a man, and any statement he may make is worthy of as much credit as attaches to the unsupported statement of any man. If, therefore, he makes the statement, as we understand he does, as a matter of personal knowledge, then, we take it, that is the end of the matter, and we readily accept it as true.

But a question arises, was the occasion, to which Gen. Early refers, the *only one* in which Gen. Lee deemed it necessary, so great was the crisis of the hour, to peril his own life and to lead some of his devoted troops against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy? We feel pretty certain that there must have been two scenes very similar in character, in one of which a Virginia Brigade were the heroes, and in the other a Texas Brigade were the sole actors. We think so, because so many accounts agreed

in attributing such an act as that first mentioned, to a Texas Brigade, and because we have heard soldiers describe such a scene in which Texans alone figured. Only a few weeks ago, we received a letter from a gentleman of deservedly high character, who was a gallant Captain in the First North Carolina Cavalry, in which, after quoting the language of an officer who seized Gen. Lee's bridle rein,—"If you lead the charge we wont follow you, but if you'll go back we'll drive them to h–ll"—he says:

"The words in quotation are the identical words as well as I can now recall them, that I was told a few days after the occurrence, and before I ever saw any written account of it, were used on that memorable occasion by the Adjutant of a Texas regiment, or by the Adjutant of Gen'l Hood's Texas Brigade. My informant was a wounded Texan, who belonged to Hood's command, and was evidently a man of intelligence. He told me he was wounded within a few feet of the spot, and was an eye witness of the occurrence."

This agrees with other statement that were made immediately after the battle by correspondents of newspapers. He further adds: "It was certainly the impression in my command, and throughout the army of Northern Virginia, so far as I knew, that it was Hood's Brigade that made the celebrated charge referred to, and a gallant Texan who prevented the brave old General from leading them." He thinks it very remarkable that the Virginia press, which was so vigilant in watching over Virginia troops, and so prompt to herald their deeds, never set up any such claim, and that ten years is a long time to remain silent about such a striking event. He remarks further:

"You remember that our own poetess, 'Tenella,' and the late Jno. R. Thompson, a Virginian, were both authors of vivid descriptions of this famous scene. Surely, Gen. Early must refer to some other charge which Gen. Lee was in the act of leading when a Virginian and a Virginia Brigade did what Hood's Texans had done previously in the Wilderness."

We believe this to be the true solution of the apparent difficulty.

We need scarcely say, that in thus referring to this matter, we have no sort of purpose to rob Virginia of any laurel to which she is entitled. We greatly honor that noble old Commonwealth, and bear willing testimony to the devotion of her people to the cause they espoused, and to the conspicuous valor of many of her

soldiers on many well contested and bloody battle-fields. The historians on the Southern side have thus far been natives of that State, and have done full justice to their soldierly qualities. In one or more instances, some of her writers have slandered North Carolina troops. But we are not inclined for a moment to imitate their bad conduct. We will accord justice and fairness to all, and only aim to arrive at the truth. T. B. K.

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*The following extract from "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., a copy of which is before us, will show that *three* incidents of the kind mentioned are noted by this writer. The first on the morning of the 6th of May, 1864; the second on the 10th, and the third on the 12th of the same month. On the 6th, the first of these incidents occurred, and Gregg's Texas Brigade composed the troops which Gen. Lee offered to lead; on the 10th, a Virginia Regiment, and on the 12th, a Mississippi Brigade furnished the material for the second and third of the "incidents."

We copy in full from the work mentioned, to pages 316-318 of which, we refer the reader:

"On the morning of May 6, 1864, in the Wilderness, as Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions, of A. P. Hill's Corps, were preparing to withdraw from the line of their gallant fight of the day before, to give place to Longstreet's Corps, which was rapidly approaching, the enemy suddenly made upon them a furious attack with overwhelming numbers. These brave men were borne back by the advancing wave; General Lindsay Walker, with his artillery, (superbly served under the immediate eye of Lee and Hill,) was gallantly beating back the enemy, but they were gathering for a new attack, and it was a crisis in the battle when the head of Longstreet's corps dashed upon the field. General Lee rode to meet them, and found the old Texas Brigade, led by the gallant Gregg, in front. The men had not seen him since their return from Tennessee, and as he rode up and said, 'Ah! these are my brave Texans—*I know you*, and I know that you can and will keep these people back'—they greeted him with more than their accustomed enthusiasm, as they hurried to the front. But they were soon horrified to find that their beloved chief was going with them into the thickest of the fight. The men began to shout:

'Go back, General Lee! Do go back! General Lee to the rear—General Lee to the rear!' A ragged veteran stepped from the ranks and seized his reins; and at last the whole brigade halted, and exclaimed, with one voice: 'We will not advance unless Gen. Lee goes back; but if he will not expose himself, we pledge ourselves to drive the enemy back.' Just then General Lee saw Longstreet, and rode off to give him some order, and these gallant Texans rushed eagerly forward, and nobly redeemed their pledge. The rest of Longstreet's corps hurried to the front. Hill's troops rallied, the enemy were driven in confusion, and only the wounding of Longstreet at this unfortunate juncture prevented the utter route, if not the crushing, of that wing of Grant's army.

On the 10th of May, 1864, the Confederate lines were broken near Spottsylvania Court House; the Federal troops poured into the opening, and a terrible disaster seemed imminent. As Early's old division, now commanded by General John B. Gordon, was being rapidly formed to recapture the works, General Lee rode to the front and took his position just in advance of the colors of of the forty-ninth Virginia regiment. He uttered not a word—he was not a man for theatrical display—but as he quietly took off his hat, and set his war-horse, the very personification of the genius of battle, it was evident that he meant to lead the charge, and a murmur of disapprobation ran down the line. Just then the gallant Gordon spurred to his side, seized the reins of his horse, and exclaimed with deep anxiety: 'General Lee, this is no place for you! Do go to the rear. These are Virginians and Georgians, sir—men who have never failed—and they will not fail now. Will you boys? Is it necessary for General Lee to lead this charge?'

Loud cries of 'No! no! General Lee to the rear! We always try to do what General Gordon tells us, and we will drive them back if General Lee will only go to the rear,' burst forth from the ranks.

While two soldiers led General Lee's horse to the rear, Gordon put himself in front of his division and his clear voice rang out above the roar of battle, 'Forward! Charge! and remember your promise to General Lee!' Not Napoleon's magic words to his Old Guard—'The eyes of your emperor are upon you!'—produced a happier effect; and these brave fellows swept grandly forward,

stemmed the tide, drove back five times their own numbers, retook the works, re-established the Confederate line, and converted a threatened disaster into a brilliant victory.

A similar scene was enacted on the memorable 12th of May (when Hancock had broken the Confederate lines,) just in front of the "bloody angle," when General Lee was only prevented from leading Harris's Mississippi Brigade into the thickest of that terrible fight by the positive refusal of the men to go forward unless their beloved chieftain would go to the rear.

These *three* incidents are all well authenticated. But Miss Emily Mason, in her biography, gives a correspondence between Hon. John Thomson Mason and Gen. Lee, in which the former details the incident as it occurred with Gregg's Texas Brigade, and asks the General about it. The reply is characteristic, and is as follows:

'LEXINGTON, VA., Dec. 7, 1865.

'*My Dear Sir*:—I regret that my occupations are such as to prevent me from writing at present a narrative of the event which you request in your letter of the 4th inst.

'The account you give is substantially correct. Gen Gordon was the officer. It occurred in the battles around Spottsylvania Court House.

'With great respect, your friend and servant,

'R. E. LEE.

'*Hon. John Thomson Mason.*'

APPOMATTOX.

As long as a true Southern heart beats, a mournful interest will cling to the name we have just written. It was there the last hope of the great Lee and his brave little army expired, and the sun of the young Confederacy went into eternal eclipse. But our purpose is not to chant a requiem over departed glory and extinguished life, but to refer to a matter of some interest. We wish to correct one or two errors into which writers, specially of the North, have fallen. Some four years and a half ago, in the Summer of 1870, the writer spent three or four days at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, and whilst there wrote a letter to the Fay-

etteville *Eagle*, over the signature of "Tuscarora." Possibly we cannot do better than to re-produce a portion of that letter in which the corrections are made which we wish to place in a more permanent form.

Appomattox C. H., is three miles west of a depot of the same name on the Norfolk and Lynchburg railroad. In 1870, we wrote:

"This little village of probably a hundred people has become famous in story and may be hereafter famous in song. It was here that the immortal Lee and his handful of Confederates made their last stand and finally surrendered to Grant's vast army of over ninety thousand men. Just as you enter the village on the road from the depot you pass a burial ground neatly enclosed. Here eighteen brave Southerners repose—some of the last victims of a relentless war. They were killed near where they were buried, in a heavy skirmish between a small body of Confederates and two of Grant's corps. The names of the soldiers are not marked on the head-pieces, but I was told that one of the slain heroes was a North Carolinian. I visited the scene of the last conflict, and stood near where Gen. Lee held his council of war to determine what was best to be done. About a half a mile, perhaps a little farther, from the Court House, is a hole in which once stood an apple tree. It was here the great soldier gathered a few of his Generals, and it was from this point the flag of truce was sent. Some confusion has been thrown upon the incident, for many persons suppose that the two leaders of the opposing forces met under or near this tree. It is a mistake. Grant and Lee did not meet here, but the latter sat under it, holding his horse's bridle as he gazed around. It was at the McLane house the two commanders met. Gen. Lee rode from the famous spot (where the tree stood) through the village to the house of Mr. McLane, a neat two story brick building, situated about a hundred yards from the Court House on the road that leads to Appomattox depot, where he met Grant and his large staff. Gen. Lee was accompanied by two officers only. The room in which they met and where the terms of surrender were signed, I visited, and beg leave to correct a mistake into which some writers have fallen. It was the left-hand room as you enter, and *not* the right-hand room as stated by some publications, in which this important historical meeting took place. The gentleman who

owns it, whose name has escaped me, very kindly took me to his house and explained the matter, pointing out points of interest. Grant's officers were arranged in a semi-circle in the room. Gen. Lee sat facing the door, with his two aids standing in rear of his chair. Gen. Grant sat a few feet on the left of Gen. Lee. All the officers stood save the two leaders.

We must here add, that on the occasion of our visit, the historic room was used as a parlor, and over the mantel was hanging a large crayon drawing representing the scene as we have above described it. The position of the two leaders is as stated, and the likenesses were somewhat life-like. The name of each officer present was written underneath. We regret we did not copy the names at the time.

Our letter continued: "Mr. McLane, who owned the house at the time, was a refugee from Bull Run, and it is a singular fact that the first important engagement of the war was fought on his farm, and the terms of the final surrender were signed in his house, at a distance of probably two hundred and fifty miles from the place of his former abode. This is a striking coincidence. The gentleman who now owns the brick house is a merchant. The field in which the arms of the Confederates were stacked is in the rear of the jail, and the line occupied by our soldiers extended for several hundred yards in the direction of the creek. Whilst the terms of surrender were under consideration, and the great heart of Lee was almost breaking under the agony of the great misfortune, the remnant of his own splendid army was beyond the creek referred to above. There were men in that little force, and many of them were North Carolinians, who would rather fight the immense odds that stood in their front than give up the cause so dear to them, as lost, or surrender their tried and "trusty muskets." Any one who will ride over the surrounding country and see the long line of Grant's forces, in length, some two miles or more, and surrounding three-fourths of the town, and then crosses the creek west of the town, and beholds the little field occupied by the Confederates, will wonder how it was that Gen. Lee ever succeeded in obtaining such terms as were granted. * * * * * The difference between the Yankee line of battle and the Confederate, is nearly the difference in the extent of the horse shoe, and the opening between the heels

of it. The apple tree was dug up and cut into pieces by the Yankees, who carried them off as trophies or memorials of the surrender. Grant's forces remained here nearly or quite ten days after the surrender. In May last (1870) the ladies had a memorial celebration, and an address from Col. Fitzhugh, of Lynchburg, Va. The soldiers' graves were handsomely and appropriately decorated. I will mention one fact that I was not aware of, until I visited the scene of the surrender. Sheridan with his large body of cavalry had cut off Gen. Lee's retreat towards Lynchburg. Whilst the Confederates marched by the old stage road that leads from Farmville to Lynchburg, Sheridan's men took up the railroad. There was still another large body of Yankee infantry on the opposite side to Lee, on a road some four or five miles from the Court House. So he had troops on the right and left of him, or rather on both flanks, and over eighty thousand pushing him in the rear. Our brave men were literally worn out with fatigue and hunger, having had nothing to eat for days."

The reader will note the correction made as to the famous "apple-tree"—thus exploding a falsehood that promises to have a permanent existence in Northern books. We have corrected, also, a wrong impression as to the room in which the terms of surrender were entered into. As North Carolina surrendered nearly or quite two-thirds of the less than nine thousand muskets that were forever stacked on that fatal field—thus proving her devotion to the cause she had espoused, after she had considered, with characteristic thoughtfulness, the meaning and consequences of such a bold step—we have thought it not unfitting that these brief extracts should find a place in a Magazine devoted to her real interests, in the past, as in the present, and in the future.

We may add, that it would be interesting to have an exact statement of the number of soldiers from each State that were faithful to the end, and who laid down their arms only when their great Captain in whom, under every misfortune, they trusted, and to whom they yielded a cheerful obedience, bade them do so. We feel sure that when the facts of the last campaign, including the terrible retreat from Petersburg, and the closing scene on the 9th at Appomattox, are fully and truthfully made known, that the name and fame of North Carolina will receive no tarnish, but rather increased lustre. We hope yet, to have written a truthful,

candid and complete account for these pages, of those Brigades from our State, who followed the fortunes of their illustrious leader to the end, and bore themselves as heroes and men, when other troops either deserted by the way, or became thoroughly demoralized and disorganized. We expect too, to show by incontestible evidence that over six thousand North Carolinians surrendered their muskets at Appomattox. T. B. K.

ONE OR TWO MORE WORDS.

In this, the opening number of a new volume, it is appropriate that we again call attention of both officers and soldiers of the late Confederate army to the duty they owe to both the living and the dead. If possessed of any information bearing upon the late struggle, any incident of camp or field, any anecdote illustrating the morale of our soldiers, any official accounts of battles, any well written sketches of men or battles, any poetical contributions of value, they ought to send them at once to us for reproduction in the columns of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.

Another thing, it would be both right and proper that our readers should do. If they approve our enterprise, and think it worthy the support of the people of North Carolina, they should do all in their power to extend its circulation, and secure it beyond the remotest chance of failure. Many very valuable literary enterprises have, from time to time, been started in the State, which would have proved of great benefit to our people, if they had been properly fostered and cherished, but neglected or cast aside for the productions of other States far inferior to them, they have been abandoned after subjecting their projectors to great pecuniary loss. May no such fate await us!

Every native or adopted citizen of North Carolina is interested in our Magazine. We expect each year to publish more valuable information, regarding North Carolina, than can be found anywhere else in such agreeable or available form. Everything that pertains to the State, historical, statistical, literary or educational, will be sought for, and when secured published. Hence the importance of sustaining the enterprise and of making it capable of attaining the ends we propose to accomplish.

Statistical Department.

NORTH CAROLINA NECROLOGY.

From January 15th, to February 15th, 1875.

Jan. 21. Hon. Jo. W. Holden, Mayor of Raleigh. 22. Major Andrew J. Rodgers, of Warren county, N. C. He was a soldier in the late war. 23. Col. James W. Hinton, in Norfolk, Va., aged 47. Born in Pasquotank county, N. C. He was Colonel of 68th N. C. State Troops. Was an eloquent orator. 27. Jno. N. Caldwell, a prominent citizen of Charlotte. Dr. J. A. Fuqua, at Atlanta, Georgia.

RECORD OF EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

From January 15th to February 15th, 1875.

Jan. 18. Legislature re-assembled. Bank of Windsor, Bertie county, broken open and $350 taken. Agate, amethyst, and opal stones found in Cabarrus county. In the case of University of North Carolina *vs.* Alex. McIver, the Supreme Court decided in favor of the plaintiff, justifying the election of Trustees by the Legislature. 20. Democratic Conservative Committee met in Raleigh. E. R. Brink, appointed Post Master of Wilmington. Senator Ransom secures an appropriation of $5000 for the Charlotte Mint. 21. The store of Messrs. Hunt & Wright, three stories high and 40 x 100 feet, at Tally Ho, Granville county, destroyed by fire. Loss $20,000, no insurance. 22. The liquor sellers of Raleigh indicted for selling liquor to minors. 29. The Eastern Conference of Evangelical Lutheran Synod met in Saint Peter's Church, Rowan county. Feb. 4. Telegraph line between

Wilmington and Charlotte completed. Gov. Graham presides at a Centennial meeting in Charlotte and makes an address which will be published. Five colored prisoners attempted to escape from jail at Charlotte, when Lee Robinson was killed by the jailor, Mr. Orr. Mr. Brice Haralson's store at Yanceyville, destroyed by fire—loss $15,000. A. S. Jones, of Yadkin county, realized $380 from one sow in two years. 7. Very cold—2½ degrees above zero at Oxford. Magnetic iron ore discovered near Morganton. 10. Trustees of the University met in Raleigh. Philip Reid, of Stokes county, kills a hog weighing 661 lbs. Jacob Smith, of Stokes, aged 95, has 218 descendants. He chews tobacco and is able to work on his farm.

THE WORLD.

NECROLOGY.—*From January 15th to February 15th*, 1875.

Jan. 16. In Baltimore, Mrs. Mattie L. Poor, wife of Admiral Poor, U. S. Navy, a native of Norfolk, Va. 24. Rev. Charles Kingsley, aged 55, an eminent British author. James H. Roome, in New York, aged 65, and eminent naturalist and taxidermist. Judge Maunsel B. Field, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and author, in New York. 26. Archibishop Patrick (Roman Catholic,) of Ireland. 29. Edward Sugden, Baron St. Leonards, formerly Lord Chancellor of England, aged 94. Daniel S. Berks, aged 81, one of the leading merchants of Baltimore. Feb. 3. Henry D. Weed, an old and prominent merchant of Savannah. Wm. Orr, Sr., Chester county, aged 86. A soldier of war of 1812. 4. Hersey, M. C., elect from Maine. 5. Senator James Buckingham, of Connecticut. 7. Gen. Wm. Hays, U. S. Army, at Boston, a native of Virginia.

IMPORTANT EVENTS—*From January* 15, *to February* 15.

January 15. The Dutch captured nine forts belonging to the Atcheenese. The Legislature of New York passed resolutions condemning the President's course in Louisiana. Hon. W. E.

Gladstone resigned his place as leader of the Liberal party in England. 16. Riots among the English colliers. Several hundred thousand persons suffering from famine in Asia Minor. President Grant sends a message to Congress on the Louisiana imbroglio. 17. A rupture between the first and second King of Siam, father and son. 18. King Alfonso signs a decree maintaining religious liberty in Spain as it exists in civilized countries. 19. A Bonapartist elected by 6,000 majority in Hautes Pyrenees, creating much sensation in Paris. The Catholic Seminary at Oulda, Prussia, closed, and head Priest expelled. Federal bayonets drove from office the Sheriff of Vicksburg, Miss., A. J. Flannegan. Gov. John P. Cochrane of Delaware, Democrat, and Gov. Joseph D. Bedle of New Jersey, Democrat, inaugurated. Generals Sheridan and Emory sued for damages for expelling a Conservative member of the Lo isiana Legislature—amount $100,000. Republican Central Committee in Washington approve the President's action in the Louisiana matter. American Geographical Society held its annual meeting in New York. Special Message of the President urging improvements in the armaments of fortifications. 20. Senator Morton introduced a bill in U. S. Senate to so amend Constitution of U. S. as to make elections of President and Vice President by popular vote. 22. Great loss of life in Nevada and Utah by snow-slides. 23. Kansas Legislature adopted resolutions sustaining Grant and Sheridan in the Louisiana outrage. 24. Garibaldi visits Rome, Italy, and has a grand ovation, the people hauling his carriage. 25. A motion of Butler in the U. S. House, to take up the Civil Rights bill, failed. St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Hartford, Conn., burned—loss $150,000. 26. Andrew Johnson, ex-President of U. S., elected to U. S. Senate from Tennessee. In the U. S. House a proposed amendment to the Constitution, limiting the Presidential term to six years and prohibiting re-election, was lost. 27. Rev. Dr. Dudley consecrated in Baltimore, Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, in place of Bishop Cummins; he was born in Virginia. The Kellogg Legislature, in La., acknowledge they have acted illegally. Gov. Randolph chosen U. S. Senator from New Jersey, over Secretary Robeson. 28. The Legislature of Illinois condemns the President's course in the Louisiana matter. 30. Beauport Female insane Asylum, Canada, burned; frightful scenes—three inmates

perished, 435 saved. Maynard's tobacco barn at Deerfield, Mass., burned; loss $60,000—incendiary. A motion in the French Assembly for a declaration of a Republic was rejected by a vote of 335 ayes, against 350 nays. Large fire at Sumter, S. C.; loss $70,000. February 1. Thomas Carlyle declined the Order of Bath. King Alfonzo issues a decree forbidding attacks on royalty and religion, and declaring all newspapers wholly suppressed after being suspended three times. 120,000 miners are idle in Wales. 2. In the U. S. House the two-thirds rule was changed. Three large cotton factories at Fall River, Mass., suspended. 3. The French Assembly grants power to the President to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies with the consent of the Senate, Encke's comet seen in Washington by means of the great telescope. The Marquis of Harrington elected leader of the Liberals. General Acana, Carlist, defeated and captured. Episcopal College, Racine, Wisconsin, burned; loss $60,000—insurance half. Snow slide at Quebec, killing a large number. 5. Civil Rights bill passed the U. S. House. The Alfonzists capture Puente le Reina at the point of the bayonet. Carlists defeated at Cestono. Country of Darfur annexed to Egypt. Hon. John Young Brown, of Kentucky, utters a terrible phillippic against Butler, of Mass., and is publicly censured by a Republican House. 7. Carlists repulsed near Oteiza. 10. The Alfonzists lost 500 killed and wounded at Estella and were checked. 11. Penobscott Bay, Maine, frozen over—the first time in thirty years. C. W. Jones elected U. S. Senator from Florida.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

BY MRS. SUSAN H. WADDELL OF WILMINGTON, N. C.

"When I read this Book I am convinced, but so soon as I put it down, I relapse again into doubt."—*Cicero's Tusculan Pupil.*

Once we remember that with other children we were standing near a tall, narrow winnowing house adjacent to a rice yard; just below was a large brick barn built upon the very verge of a canal that rolled its dark waters a little way and then disappeared

into the river. This barn to all the children was a mystery, for it possessed a *voice* that mimicked ours. In vain was it that we rallied our courage, holding each other firmly by the hand as we went forth in search of its mysterious arcana. There was nothing to be seen or heard but the delicate blue-bell, or rustling of the wild-rose, or quivering shadows of the vine that had wrapt its green mantle around the walls. As we approached the barn our sense of hearing became morbidly acute, so much so that we trembled at the least stir of these beautiful creations of Nature. The innocent little black-birds appeared to us of evil omen, as they sat looking down from the cornice upon us, their sable dress and shoulders tipped with scarlet and gold, their quick, bright eyes, and the thunder of their wings, so soon as the cry of the hawk was heard, added to our dismay. We were almost afraid to breathe. Jupiter and Juno would never have inflicted a punishment for loquacity upon us, as was by them decreed upon the luckless Echo, and after respectfully and in good order walking to the door, without being able to discover anything, we can truly say no winged Zephyr, floating midst etherial blue, ever fled more fleetly, or with greater agility, than did we to reach the mansion of our parents that we might learn from them what that invisible, yet perceptible Echo was.

We were not sages in search of physical laws, groping in the darkness of sonorous pulses, investigating the theories of sound, the concavity of surfaces and such matters; no, no, we were wiser, children as we were, and desired to know if we were not in the strict path of philosophical truth when we attributed this phenomenon to an evil spirit like "Jack with a lanthern," who desired to entice us into quagmires, or drown us in the river. For this last information we were indebted to an old and valued servant who sometimes enlightened us with these stories, when unexpectedly detained by a wintry storm from returning to her own domicile.

Years have passed away, yet an appearance of an *ignis fatuus* flitting in a damp bay with its lamp sometimes burning brightly, sometimes waning away, and again as suddenly flashing into brilliancy, or the musical voice of an Echo, are sure to produce a Medea's touch, and translate me to childhood again. These are trifles, yet, this is a questionable term, for how often do we find that

events of interest, and sometimes of importance, are derived from *trifles.* Can that be a trifle which in itself produces that which is important? We find this illustrated not only in association of ideas but in the very crisis of life itself.

Mr. Locke has given an example of the remarkable effect of association of ideas. He says "a young gentleman having learned to dance in an apartment where there was un old trunk, found upon the removal of it that his skill in dancing had left him He danced badly until the trunk was replaced, when his agility returned, and he never danced well unless there was a trunk, or something resembling one in the apartment."

Sir Walter Scott relates a circumstance which occurred when he was at a grammar school in Edinburgh: "There was a boy of remarkable precocity among the pupils. He was always head of the class. Sir Walter remarked that when in recitation he always twisted a paricular button upon his jacket; this button he cut off when the boy was not observing him. The class was soon afterwards called, the boy felt for the button, it was gone, he missed his lesson and continued to do so until he was foot of the class. Sir Walter remarks in his Diary, that he had never forgiven himself or ceased to regret this incident deeply. The boy's success in recitation was certainly associated with his button, and he thought his never having risen above mediocrity in after life was attributable to its loss.

"From association of ideas," says Voltaire, "Henry the IV, of France, was always uneasy when riding in a carriage lest it should overturn. The gallant Charles the XII of Sweden, dreaded to cross a bridge from a shock he received when a child, and Peter the Great had always to struggle with himself to conceal a shuddering which possessed him whenever he was near a sheet of falling water. But some ethical writers have gone beyond the 'sphere terrestrial' for association of ideas, and maintain that many of them are derived from a pre-existent state of the soul. Cicero in his "Vision of Scipio," introduces Africanus as conversing with his son, he informs him that this life is the true *Hades,* or place of punishment, and that the pre-existence could be proved by individuals being conscious of having been in the same situation, although they had no recollection of having occupied such position previously; as in conversation when some new incident is spoken

of, perhaps by an entire stranger, we are impressed with the same surroundings. So much are we persuaded of this that we can anticipate what will be said before it is spoken. Cicero recurs also, to the ancient belief that the facility with which children acquire their lessons is but the effect of memory, derivable from a pre-existent state of the soul.

This was a favorite thesis in ancient days, for we find that a belief in a prior existence of the soul was held by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and at one period by the Greeks. The wise Empedocles was a Pythagorean, and believed in his having personally undergone the change from animate to inanimate life; such as from a bird to a fish, from a fish to a bush, &c. This confession, however, was given in *verse* and we all acquiesce in poetical license.

Our minds must ever be lost in speculative conjecture when we attempt an analysis of the soul, or the mysterious nature and union of matter and of mind. Grotius in a dilemma of his bright intellect to account for the perceptive powers of brutes, alleged that man possessed in his soul *an unknown property* similar to intelligence, which created the difference between the human and brute creation. This the metaphysicians soon exploded, as his hypothesis inferred two souls to one being.

Des Cartes denied perception of the brutes and maintained that they have no power of the will and are constituted as a musical instrument, the piano for instance that will give out a tone if struck by the finger, so is it with a hound who mechanically follows the hare from the stimulus of the odor of its track.

These wild vagaries do but furnish new proofs that the finest minds are unable to cope with the difficulties which surround the subject of mental organization—these are indeed "the follies of the wise."

We find in this world of wonderful creations that there is a *progressive* law prevalent throughout nature. A small winged-seed dropped from the cone, or seed-vessel of the *abies*, or fir-tree, producing, by slow development, the tall, whispering pine, so valuable to commerce and the arts. An acorn contains the germ, or nucleus of the giant oak. The crocodile was once a round, white egg and so was the fleet ostrich of the desert. Man, upon whom it has pleased Omnipotence to bestow superior gifts to all other of His mundane creations, commences life a helpless infant

with none of the perceptive faculties of the soul, and with but one instinct in common with other animals, that of imbibing nourishment; thus he is but little superior to the young pine as it vegetates upon ths chemical properties of the earth. But the great gift of the soul is developed, and he becomes wiser and wiser, greater and greater, and when he passes away into eternity the thread of research, left by him in the labyrinth of learning, wisdom and piety is taken up by his descendants, who now explore, yet more deeply the mazes of its lettered chambers, its endless galleries and halls.

Sleep, another of Nature's mysteries, has been bestowed upon us in common with the inferior animals and vegetable world, for we all know how much Botanists have written upon the "sleep of plants." Sir Thomas Brown in his "Religio Medici" says: "I always pray before closing my eyes in sleep, so much does it appear like death." Asleep and unconscious of all that surrounds us, the soul, or mind, is not only present but is travelling the most distant countries, crossing rivers and oceans, and in the compass of a few minutes lives a lifetime from childhood to age. This soul and body with all of their sympathies and dependencies upon each other, are yet dividual. Let the mind be demented and we will find with it corporeal health, and *vice versa*, the physical paralytic in possession of a sound mind. Thus the demented mind appears to be only a suspended intellect, as it has been known to re-appear and to remain unclouded through life and should it never return, the patient at the period of death, undergoes the same process of dissolution, as though the mind had never been disturbed. Why then should we deny that they are separate creations only for the reason that there is a dependence of one upon another during this life. We can no more understand their temporal union than we can their separation in dissolution.

We know but little of the wonders of the visible world around us, and much less of the immaterial life. Within the sphere of their proper action our reasoning powers are doubtless our safest guides, but beyond and without that sphere they can only mislead us, and this may, with truth be said, not only of our investigation of Nature's laws but of Revelation also.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID,

Author of Valerie Aylmer, Morton House, A Daughter of Bohemia, etc.

CHAPTER V.

"LINGER O GENTLE TIME!"

WHEN Charlton comes to himself again—for he loses all knowledge of things around for a brief space—he is lying on the ground, while a tender hand bathes his face with cold water. He opens his eyes and sees first the blue sky far above, and then something else which is as blue—to-wit, a pair of human orbs regarding him.

"Do you feel better?" Flora asks—and her voice though anxious, has none of that flutter and trepidation which many woman in her place would display—"I fear you are in great pain."

Charlton's first sensation—for which no man will feel inclined to blame him—is one of intense annoyance. What has he done? Can it be possible that he has fainted, like a sick child, from the mere pain of a twisted foot? Flora sees the color spring to his pale face, but she does not understand the cause of it. She takes away her hand, and as he rises to a sitting posture, his first words are significant of his state of feeling.

"I am ashamed of myself!" he says. "What possessed me to make such a scene over such a mere trifle, I cannot tell! Pray forgive me, Miss Tyrrell."

"Forgive you!" repeats Flora. "What have you done that I need to forgive? Are you sure you feel better? You cannot tell how shocked I was when I saw you lean back and turn so white! I thought you were about to faint—I think you must have lost consciousness for a minute."

"I—suppose I did," says Charlton, greatly relieved to find that he had not been unconscious for any length of time. "I wrenched my foot again as I sprang over the bank, and the pain was really very intense. Your application of cold water did me a great deal of good—but where did you get it?"

She points to a tiny stream flowing down to the river through a cleft of the rock. "There," she says. "But I had no cup, so I could only wet my handkerchief and bathe your face."

"Thank you," he says gratefully. "It was all that was necessary. But pray tell me how you chanced to be on the bank just when you were most needed? I am not as a rule inclined to poetical metaphor, but I could have likened you to an angel of rescue when I glanced up and saw you."

"I had been there all the time," she replies quietly. "But I was afraid to speak for fear of startling you."

"All the time!" He looks amazed. "You mean—?"

"I mean ever since you went down. No one could tell me where Nelly was, and I did not know that she had attached herself to you, so I came in search of her. I am always afraid of some accident in this fearful gorge. I was in sight when you sprang down the rock, and I knew from your manner that something was the matter, but I could not make you hear. I hurried on as fast as I could, and reached the top of the bank just when you were releasing Nelly"—instinctively she draws the child to her—"from her perilous position. I would not have spoken for anything—even if you could have heard me. I scarcely dared to breathe in my suspense. O Mr. Charlton, don't think me ungrateful because I do not know how to thank you—"

"Excuse me, Miss Tyrrell," interrupts Charlton, "but you must not mention such a word. Instead of thanking, you ought to blame me. It was all my fault. I was scribbling in my notebook and neglecting the child—else she would not have fallen. Is not that so, Nelly? Remember you are pledged 'naught to extenuate, nor set down naught in malice.'"

But Nelly is a conscientious young person, and she cannot endorse this. She looks up at her sister with tears in her eyes. "It was my fault, Floy," she says, "Mr. Charlton was writing, and I—I thought I could get down by myself. Then my foot slipped, and O! I thought I was gone. All my ferns went, and I fell down the bank till the tree stopped me."

"You would have been gone—gone forever, if it had not been for Mr. Charlton," says Flora, with a quiver in her voice. She is quite incapable of pointing a moral lesson, but perhaps as Nelly looks at Charlton, his condition points the lesson without any words. She steals up to him. "O Mr. Charlton, I am so sorry!" she whispers.

"Never mind," says Charlton cheerily. "It is all right now—at least it ought to be. But what is to be done with this foot of mine is a serious question. Miss Tyrrell, can you suggest anything? I fear I can never climb over these rocks."

"Not even with the alpenstock and my arm?" asks Flora, much concerned. "Or had I better go and send for Mr. Martin and George?"

"If you will allow me, I think I will try the alpenstock and your arm," says Charlton, who is averse to making any more of a commotion than is unavoidable. "Nelly, will you give me the stick? If I can once get on my feet, no doubt it will be easy enough to hobble along."

Flora hands him the stick and then assists him—so quietly, deftly, and with such apparent unconsciousness of everything, save the simple fact that he is a suffering fellow-creature, that he feels none of the hesitation which would oppress him with some women. He gains his feet with various grimaces—or rather, to speak with entire correctness, he gains *one* foot, and stands leaning on that and the stick with an almost ludicrous expression of mingled pain and uncertainty on his face.

"Now take my arm," says Flora. "O you must—it is impossible that you can walk by yourself. And you know there is a great deal of climbing to be done. Nelly, keep close to me. One accident should be enough for you."

It boots not to tell in what slow and toilsome fashion these three make their way back to the neighborhood of the upper fall. The sun's bright lances have long since left the cloistral green-

ness around, but they pause now and then to admire afresh the splendor and tumult of the flashing waters. It is also necessary for Charlton to rest, since every movement of his foot causes him keen suffering. All journeys end after a time, however, and so does this one. Near the mill they are meet by Minnie and Oscar, who, struck with astonishment immediately burst into eager questioning. Their curiosity receives meagre satisfaction, for Flora despatches Oscar at once to have the wagon brought as near to the falls as possible. "You must go home in that," she says to Charlton.

He cannot deny that this is necessary—and does not like to acknowledge how much he feels averse to it. "I suppose it will be best," he says, with a shade of reluctance in his tone, "but I have been counting on a very pleasant ride back with you."

"You mean that you prefer riding to driving?" she asks. "I am sorry—but you certainly could not mount a horse with your foot in that state."

"I don't care whether I ride or drive, so far as the mere question of locomotion is concerned," he replies, feeling impelled to unusual candor by the straightforward simplicity of her manner. "What I cared for was your society."

She looks completely and honestly surprised—but she neither blushes nor laughs. Charlton watching her, and knowing well what most women would do under such circumstances, begins to regard her in the light of a positive phenomenon. "If you are in earnest," she says, "such a moderate desire can be easily gratified. I will go in the wagon, too. Minnie will like to ride, I am sure."

"Miss Tyrrell, you are too good! I am really ashamed of myselfishness—" Charlton begins, for he did not anticipate this.

But she stops him. "I like driving very well," she says. "If you want me with you, I shall be very glad to go. Anything that I can do is very little after what you have done."

"What a girl!" thinks Charlton. "One might suppose that she or I, or both of us, were octogenarians! Sunderland was right. There is no material for a coquette here. Some men think that spice necessary to a woman's charm. I am not sure that I do."

Miss Tyrrell is as good as her word. She resigns Bayard to Minnie, who gladly mounts him, with a reckless display of

ankles, owing to her short skirts, George takes Charlton's horse, and so they turn their faces homeward. The party in the wagon find the drive delightful. So admirable is this Mill Hill turnpike—the beauty and excellence of which no one who has ever travelled from Cæsar's Head to Brevard can possibly forget—that they go down the mountain at a sweeping trot. Soft fresh winds laden with balm, come to them from remote distance—winds which feel as if they might waft away all care and trouble from human hearts. Summer's enchanted dusk is spread over the land, there are low-lying streaks of light in the golden west, the mountains are wrapped in violet haze, the great bending sky is infinitely pure and tender, trees arch overhead, unseen water rushes by, when they reach the valley the fields spread out far and faint, all the sweet growing things on the banks of the river exhale their perfume on the evening atmosphere.

Charlton feels as if this might go on forever. The closing twilight, the darkening landscape, the melody of flowing water—all seem to him charged with a meaning and a sentiment, which a poet might put into language, but a poet alone. He is inclined to be silent, and Flora—feeling his mood—says little. Mr. Martin, Oscar, and Nelly chatter in front, but these two have the back seat and the lovely quiet of nature to themselves. One, at least, is sorry when they begin to near home, and the lights from the house gleam out with cheerful effect on the twilight. He turns to his companion:

"Will you let we thank you for the pleasure of this afternoon?" he says. "It has been greater than you, I fancy, can even imagine. In a measure, that which is familiar loses it's charm to us."

"Not to me," says Flora. "I believe I told you once before that I admire this beautiful country all the more for knowing it so well. It is an old friend—and who loves an old friend less for knowing every line in his face?"

"Every one is not so loyal as yourself," says Charlton, smiling at the soft pathos of her tone. "Some people tire of their old friends. After all it is not well to be too constant."

"Why not?" she asks. "'Above all faiths stands faithfulness.'"

"Ah, I am not sure. The question is more complex than you seem to think. Faithfulness is a grand thing, but nothing is

more essential in this world than to know how to forget. It is a world of change. He who is wise, changes with it."

"Are you in earnest ?" she says. "It seems to me that is a very lowering philosophy."

"What would you have?" asks Charlton. "The world is lowering. But this is not the world—this is Arcadia," he goes on laughing. "I forgot for a moment where I was. But I shall never forget the Falls of Coneste !" he adds in another tone.

"I fear your foot will remind you of them for some time," she says, as they drive over the bridge, with the sound of sweeping water in the dimness below.

She proves altogether right. Mr. Charlton's foot has been very badly sprained and makes an invalid of him for several days. Flora prescribes arnica for the injury, but Colonel Tyrrell insists that the best treatment is unlimited use of cold water, and since Charlton yields his foot up for experiments as cheerfully as if he had no permanent interest in it's welfare, the result is a mixture of remedies. Part of the time the suffering member is bandaged with arnica; at other times it is bared and extended over a large tub while Colonel Tyrrell pours a stream of cold water upon it from a height of four or five feet. Nelly is much interested in this operation, and always contrives to witness it, notwithstanding the decided drawback that her father always calls her attention to the fact, that if it had not been for her conduct, Mr. Charlton would not be in this unpleasant position.

There are to Mr. Charlton, however, many compensations for his enforced invalidism and the hydropathic treatment which it involves. He is not a man who is easily pleased by women, but day by day he is more attracted by Flora, and he seizes every opportunity to study her character, to elicit her opinions, to draw out the expression of her tastes. They are pleasant days to him. His work, it must be confessed, is wholly neglected—how can a man give his mind to social essays or dramatic situations while he has a sprained foot ? He does not even write any letters, and is absolutely indifferent whether or not he receives any. Minnie, with the acuteness of her years, remarks this.

"Mr. Charlton is the only person who takes no interest in the mail," she says one day while that important budget is being distributed.

Mr. Charlton, who is lying back in a deep chair, with his injured foot extended over an ottoman, looks at her with a smile.

"Allow me to observe, mademoiselle," he says, "that you would find nothing remarkable in that fact if you could only put yourself in the position of a man to whom the mail cannot possibly bring anything save annoyance."

"Minnie's eyes expand. "Can it bring nothing else to you?" she asks point-blank.

"Not anything else at all. You read Tennyson, I know. Do you suppose the lotus-eaters would have cared much for the arrival of letters? I am a lotus-eater just now."

"Mr. Charlton, here are some letters for you!" cries Nelly, quitting her father's side and darting forward.

"Evil fortune has found me out!" says Charlton, with a heartfelt sigh. Still it is impossible to refrain from glancing at the missives placed in his unwilling hand. One bears the printed address of a noted publishing house, another comes from the office of the *Telegraph*, a third from the Editor of a magazine to which he is usually a constant contributor—on the fourth, he recognises with something almost akin to dismay, the writing of Sunderland. Minnie recognises it, too, and impetuously announces the fact.

"Why, that is from Harry!" she says—when catching her sister's eye with reproof in it, she stops and blushes.

"I believe it is," responds Charlton. Then he pockets all four of the letters and quietly unfolds a newspaper which has also come to him.

He does not read these epistles—none of which are particularly agreeable—until he is alone. The business letters make it imperative for him to go to work, and he sighs as he glances over them. Sunderland's letter he opens last and finds that this is what it says:

"MONTREAL, July 16th, 1874.

MY DEAR CHARLTON:—

What in the name of all that is remarkable, has come over you? What spell of silence has taken possession of you? I should be inclined to think that you had failed to reach El Dorado after all, if it were not that a letter from Flora lies before me in which she mentions your arrival, and says with a moderation I am sure you will appreciate, that you 'promise to be a very

agreeable person.' I entertain no doubt but that you have by this time fulfilled that promise to her entire satisfaction, and are therefore able to throw some light on the problem which is puzzling me more than ever just now, and which I trusted you would elucidate.

You know what I mean. Paper and ink are unsafe things to trust, accidents sometimes occur in the best regulated correspondence, and therefore prudence becomes a man though he were a second Damon writing to another Pythias. But do you, or do you not, mean to help me? I am in a position at present which will not be possible for me to maintain much longer. You understand of course how one is carried on by the force of circumstances—sometimes further than one wishes or intends to go. As a man of honor, I must do one of two things—declare myself, or leave the party with which I am travelling. Now, as I told you before, I do not wish to declare myself as much as my feelings are involved—until I am sure that no one else possesses, or imagines herself to possess any claim upon me. I am writing more plainly than I like, but I must make things clear to you. Tell me what you think, and write at once to Quebec. We go there in a few days, and shall probably remain several weeks. My line of conduct depends altogether on what you say, for I trust implicitly to your powers of observation.

How do you like Transylvania? Fine place, isn't it? I have never seen scenery that pleased me as well, anywhere else. Somehow there's a softness and a boldness together, that—well, I am not trained to analyze feelings, so I leave you to define exactly what sentiments are inspired by the combination. Have you brought down a deer yet? Are they as lively as of yore? Flora ought to take you to Concste—I wonder if she remembers one day when she and I were there. By Jove! when I think of these things, I hardly know what to do. Write, Charlton, for Heaven's sake and tell me *something*. I could sooner blow out my brains than return my uncle's kindness by acting shabbily to Flora.

There is no use in writing of anything else. You know all these places better than I do. Burn this letter, and answer it without delay. Yours, H. S."

Charlton proceeds at once to obey the direction contained in the latter part of this missive. He twists it up meditatively, strikes a match, sets it on fire and throws it on the hearth, watching the flames consume it and leave only a little pile of white feathery ashes. "I'll take care that no accidents occur *here!*" he says, speaking aloud. "Consummate young puppy!" he adds, after a moment. "And yet there's a strain of chivalry in his character that almost redeems the puppyism. There are not many men

who would trouble themselves so much about a scruple of honor, and the aching of a girl's heart more or less. But then she is no ordinary girl," he goes on, limping to his writing table and sitting down. "Even Sunderland feels that, I suppose. I fear—I greatly fear that she cares for him! What was it she said about never changing, as we came from Coneste? She is like her native hills—steadfast, beautiful, strong and yet tender. And *I* am appointed to sound the depths of that fine, reticent nature! The thing is absurd and impossible. Yet if I do not at least attempt to do so, what will be the result! Sunderland will marry that girl after whom he is dangling, and this proud gentle creature may suffer as such women only know how to suffer. A malediction on all lovers and love affairs! When one has none on one's own account, it seems that fate malignantly appoints one's neighbors to trouble one! I will do what I can—and now it is a fixed fact that I must go to work. My days of Arcadian idleness are over. That essay for the magazine must be finished by to-morrow evening, if I have to sit up all night to do it."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE MOOD OF WOMAN WHO CAN TELL?"

Notwithstanding the unfinished condition of that essay on social ethics which is already overdue in the pages of the magazine to which Mr. Charlton lends the force of his genius—or rather, of the talents which with him, as with countless others, do duty for that rare flame of the gods—he is to be seen as the afternoon gradually declines into evening, limping down the lawn by Flora's side. Since his accident, all her delicate yet decided reserve has melted, and she could scarcely be more frankly kind to him if they had known each other all their lives. It is a kindness which never degenerates into familiarity, nor has in it the faintest suspicion of that desire to attract which, with many women, is sprinkled like salt over everything they do. As Charlton has thought, if he, or she, or both of them were octogenarians, she could not meet him with more cordial unconsciousness on that

broad field of common sympathies, tastes and appreciations where now and then men and women meet as friends—and friends only. In this companionship he begins to realize, as it never chanced to him to realize before, the grace and subtlety of the feminine brain when it does not belong to the great rank and file of the commonplace.

They are now taking a walk, for which Charlton has carefully watched his opportunity. From his window, he saw Colonel Tyrrell drive off with Minnie and Nelly in the direction of Brevard; he saw George canter away with his sworn comrade Tom Fanshawe; and Mr. Martin, accompanied by Oscar, go out among the hills on thoughts of fishing and botany plainly intent. Finally when the sun slopes low toward the western mountains, the much erased sheets of the MS are pushed aside, and the essayist takes his way down to the lower regions of the house. He finds Flora without difficulty, and suggests a walk.

"I am the good boy who deserves a sugar-plum," he says, as she hesitates. "You don't know how hard I have been working during all this long, warm afternoon. Now it is nearly seven o'clock, and I feel that I have earned a brief holiday-time."

"I am sure that you have," she says. "But do you think you ought to walk? Papa spoke of asking you to drive with him, but he was obliged to go to Brevard on business, and Minnie wanted to do some shopping."

"I should have been obliged to decline going with him if he had asked me. I have work that I must finish at once. But you know the twilight is the 'laborer's brief armistice'—and will you not go with me down to the river to enjoy it?"

"I suppose I cannot refuse," she says smiling. And so it is that they take their way down the hill—Charlton with the stick which serves him as a partial crutch, Flora with her hat hanging basket-fashion on her arm. There is no need for it on her head. The westering light which is spreading the upland ridges with gold, leaves the glades and valleys filled with softly-toned shade. As they cross the lawn, their shadows stretch gigantically long behind them, but when they reach the river bank, the region of sunlight is all above. Here is a green, Undine light, a grassy bank, tangled vines, emerald tinted water sweeping softly by un-

der the drooping boughs of trees that stand as nature planted them.

"What translucent tints!" says Flora, pointing to the river. "I think water is almost the loveliest thing in nature—do not you? If I were an artist, I would make a specialty of painting it."

"You would make a specialty of one of the most difficult things in all the realm of art, then," says Charlton. "But that remark is not meant to discourage you, if you intend to try," he adds smiling.

"Now you are laughing at me—and that is not kind!" she says "You know it is impossible for me to try—and most likely I should not succeed if I did—but I sometimes fancy that I feel colour more than most people do."

"There can be no doubt of that," replies Charlton. "Almost everything relating to mankind is a question of temperament, when it is not a question of culture. You have the temperament to feel and appreciate keenly all æsthetic sources of enjoyment. Nature, art, music—all would thrill you to the very centre of your being. But you have only known Nature, and hence it follows that you give an undivided love to that."

Her lips stir in the sweet, frank smile which he has learned by this time to know well. "How is it that you read one so thoroughly?" she says. "Does *that* come of temperament or culture?"

"Of observation chiefly—if indeed I succeed. That is, if I succeed with *you*—most people are transparent enough, for the simple reason that their characters lie altogether on the surface."

"And mine does not? Thank you exceedingly. But do you know that you surprise me?—Harry always used to say that I was absurdly transparent."

"He had the advantage of having known you all your life. And then probably he used the term in a different sense to that in which I employ it. I meant to say that people in general are easily read by any observer of character, just as the stones in a brook are easily seen, and for the same reason—both are shallow. But you are transparent like that current yonder, where it lies stillest and deepest."

"Mr. Charlton, you astonish me!" says Flora with a sudden blush on her fair face. "I was not aware before that you knew how to flatter."

Charlton is astonished at himself—but he does not say so. Among his feminine acquaintances he has the reputation of great insensibility, which may or may not be deserved, but it is at least certain that it is long since he has been guilty of such a thing as complimenting a woman to her face. He feels, however, that Flora Tyrrell is not like other women, and that she ought to understand this fact. He therefore responds coolly as ever, "That is not like you. You must know that nothing was farther from my intention than any thought of flattering you. Why should I dream of such a thing ?"

"Why indeed ?" she answers, thoroughly set at ease by his tone. "Excuse me—and believe that I am much obliged for your good opinion. Now, don't you think we better stop here ? I am afraid you ought not to walk any farther."

Charlton assenting, they sat down on the sloping bank. It is a cool, ferny nook, with green boughs arching over, and drooping till they touch the river in front. There are cushions of lovely moss around the great spreading roots of the trees, and Flora begins to fill her hat with them. "They are so pretty for the hanging baskets," she says. There is much grace together with thorough unconsciousness, in her attitude. An artist coming upon the little scene, might throw a flowering spray over her delicate head, and draw her for her fair Roman namesake, the wild, sweet goddess of the woods. So her companion thinks, watching her and wondering how he shall introduce the subject uppermost in his thoughts. Chance befriends him—Flora herself begins to speak of Sunderland.

"Mosses always remind me of Harry," she says. "He knew that I was fond of them, and he always brought me beautiful varieties from the mountains. He never went hunting that he never came back laden with them."

"If you were fond of mosses, he must have been very fond of you," says Charlton, with hypocritical intent to surprise if possible some emotion in her face or voice. "When I first knew him he talked of you continually. You have no idea how well I was acquainted with you before I ever saw you."

"Were you ?" she says simply. "It was good of Harry to find time to speak of me in the whirl of his new life. I fancy, however, that must have been when he first entered upon it."

Charlton cannot deny this. "Of course other interests claimed his attention after awhile," he remarks. "But a man may be careless and yet loyal. One cannot always talk even of that which lies next one's heart."

"Of course I know that Harry is always loyal," says Flora, lifting her head with a very charming air of pride. "I do not fear that he will forget us—we formed too close and intimate a part of his life for many years for such a thing as that to be. But we are not necessary to him any longer. He has passed away from us to another life and other interests. I realize that clearly—and I have no doubt it is best so."

The quiet voice utters these words without a single tremour, there is no change of colour on the face, no quiver of the lips, no drooping of the softly fringed lids. The candid eyes meets Charlton's gaze with a composure which he cannot believe to be feigned. He confesses to himself that he is puzzled. If she cares for her cousin as he has imagined her to do, her powers of dissimulation are marvellous for one of her years.

"Why should you think so?" he asks, in reply to her last words. "May not his best happiness lie here? I am not sure that the great maelstrom of the world improves such a nature as his—a nature warm in its affections, true in it's instincts, yet easily swayed by outside influences."

"Perhaps you are right," she says dreamily—looking at the broad current sweeping past—"but you see it is too late to think of that now. Harry will never again be content here. I know that. How do I know it? O, by everything—by instinct, by the tone of his letters, by my knowledge of his character. He may be very much attached to us still—I feel no doubt of that—but a gulf of change lies between our life and his. And I think"—here she withdraws her gaze from the river and turns it again to her companion's face—"that such a gulf is harder to span than any other. People who begin by disliking each other may learn to love, natures may alter and characters assimilate; but when a whole world of change lies between, of joys, sorrows, tastes and pursuits—those things divide hopelessly all who are not bound together by close and enduring ties."

"And do you not consider Sunderland bound to you by any such tie?" asks Charlton—almost forgetting how strange the question is in his anxiety to hear it answered.

"Certainly not," she answers calmly. "He is neither my brother nor my lover—therefore how could he be?"

Surely this is frankness that might satisfy any man—but Charlton is not satisfied even yet. More and more is he puzzled by this singular girl; more and more is he anxious to learn what feeling really lies under her gentle dignity, her straightforward simplicity.

"Forgive me if I am presumptuous," he says, "but I have understood—that is, I have fancied—that you were, in a manner, engaged to him."

"What have you seen or heard to make you fancy such a thing?" she asks. "I am sure that Harry did not tell you so."

"No—not exactly," replies Charlton, conscious that he has gone as far as it is possible to venture—and perhaps a little farther than strict veracity warrants—"but I imagined something of the kind."

"You made a great mistake, then," she says, "and I am glad that you have mentioned it, in order that I may set you right—for Harry's sake. Do you think he would stay where he is, if such a thing were so? But it is not so. Pray understand that. We are, and always have been, like brother and sister—no more than that. There is no engagement, nor shadow of engagement, between us."

So far so good, thinks Charlton to himself; Sunderland is evidently not bound in honor—at least not in any tangible manner. But the other and subtler question is yet unanswered. Is the heart of this frank, tender maiden in his possession, or is it not? How to arrive at the solution of this enigma puzzles our acute novelist. While he is considering it, Flora speaks again:

"Now that this point is made clear, Mr. Charlton, I hope you will not hesitate to talk to me of Harry more freely than you have done heretofore. I have felt that there was a reserve and constraint in all that you said of him—but I did not know how to end it. Fortunately it has ended itself. You know that I am only his sister, and that I feel a sister's interest in everything concerning him."

"Why should you think that I have showed any reserve or constraint in speaking of him?" asks Charlton.

She looks at him steadily. "Because," she answers, "Harry is in love and you have said nothing to me about it."

If the river flowing so tranquilly by had suddenly risen in a wave at his feet, Mr. Charlton could not be more absolutely amazed than he is by this simple speech. It is so entirely unexpected, that he has no time to prepare an evasion or keep his countenance from betraying him. With a profound conciousness of being no match for this ingenuous young mountaineer, he feels that his face has told everything.

She utters a laugh expressive of sincere amusement. "Thank you, Mr. Charlton," she says, "you have resolved my suspicion into certainty. Now, who is she?—Miss Preston?"

"You cannot expect me to turn State's evidence at a minute's warning," answers Charlton—more utterly at a loss what to say than he ever remembers to have been in his life before; but with the certainty growing stronger that Sunderland's vanity has misled him, and that this girl indeed thinks of him as a brother, and no more.

"But you will!" she says coaxingly. "Harry's letters to me of late have been singularly unsatisfactory. I do not know what foolish fancy on his part has come between us; but I have lost his confidence. You will tell me all about him, however, will you not? Pray do! And who is the lady? There always was 'a lady in the case' with Harry from early boyhood. He was always one of the most susceptible of human beings. I suppose people of his temperament always are."

"While people of yours are always constant," says Charlton, regarding her curiously.

For the second time, a flush comes to her cheeks. "Never mind what I am," she replies. "No doubt you were right the other day when you said that this is a world of change and he who is wise changes with it. If I am not wise in that manner, I shall probably suffer for my folly, sooner or later. Yet"—she pauses suddenly and her eyes turn to where the beautiful masses of sunset clouds are marshalling in great pageant—"it seems to me that I would rather suffer and be faithful, than win peace by fickleness."

"Don't say that!" exclaims Charlton with an earnestness which surprises himself. "You don't know how necessary it is in this world to forget. Characters change, as you said a moment ago, and feelings change with them. There is nothing, believe me, for which we should be more grateful than that they do."

She does not answer. He cannot tell whether or not she heeds him. The large full eyes, blue as woodland violets, still rest on the rose and acquamarine splendour of the western sky. Who can paint the beauty of sunset in a mountain land?—the hues of the giant hills that change their robe of colour momently, the "mystic bloom" that, like the smile of God, purple gorge and green valley, flashing stream and towering height? As Charlton's gaze follow's Flora's, he catches a familiar gleam shining with faint lustre out the bed of glory which the sun has left.

> "Bent like Diana's bow and silver bright,
> Half lost in rosy haze a crescent hangs."

He smiles slightly. Who is so old or so wise as to have altogether outlived that pleasant superstition of youth which makes the sight of the new moon a good omen? He points it out to Flora, and then for many minutes they are silent, watching the sunset illumination slowly fade—leaving only a delicate flush above the line of distant mountains—and the tender dusk steal softly over the summer land. The river bright with the sunset's parting gleam, murmurs at their feet, Venus quivers into sight like a great diamond, and the fresh cool air is full of fragrance.

It is a delicious moment, but so long as we live upon this earth of sadness and pain, such moments must be brief. The sound of wheels rolling over the bridge suddenly breaks the charmed stillness. Flora sarts, gathers her mosses and rises. "It is growing late," she says, "and there is papa—we must go."

"No doubt you are right," says Charlton regretfully, "but it seems a pity—everything is so lovely, and we are so comfortable here!"

She smiles—standing slim and straight beside him as he still lies on the grass. "It is very pleasant, but pleasant things must end," she says. "We will come down here again, if you like, and you can tell me all about Harry's love affair."

"Upon my word, Miss Tyrrell, you take too much for granted. It is a fault of your sex—did you know that? Women have a a great habit of leaping to conclusions—which are sometimes right, and sometimes very wrong."

"I have not leaped to my conclusion: I have arrived at it by slow degrees—and I defy you to say that I am wrong."

"I shall not commit myself," he says rising. "Meanwhile I am going to write to Harry. Have you any message?"

"Yes—my love, and tell him to write me an account of everything. If he does not, I shall be angry with him, and jealous of you—for *I* was formerly his confidant."

"I beg you to believe that I do not fill that honorable but onerous position. It is a matter of mere accident that I know anything whatever of his affairs. I have no doubt, if he has anything to tell, he will gladly unbosom himself to you—secure of the sympathy which he has no possible chance of obtaining from me."

"You are inclined to slander yourself, I think," says Flora.

They mount the hill, cross the lawn, and enter the house. Tea is soon ready, and after this informal meal—at which George informs the company that he is going next week with Tom Fanshaw to Cæsar's Head, and invites Charlton to accompany them—the gentlemen, as usual, go out on the piazza to smoke. The windows of the drawing-room are open, and Flora sings by her father's request, some of the sweet old Scotch and Irish ballads which are the only songs she knows. It has been many a long day since Charlton has heard any of these, and—though people in society consider his musical taste critical to a fault—he listens with pleasure. Somehow the pathos of Burns, and the grace of Moore, suit the idyllic life in which he finds himself, better than a ballad of Virginia Gabriel, or an *aria* of Gounod. Then Flora's voice though untrained, is singularly sweet, and she sings with taste and feeling. As the clear notes ring out, "There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet," Charlton feels that he can echo the sentiment from the bottom of his heart.

When he retires to his room, he draws a sheet of paper to him, and answers Sunderland's appeal before proceeding to the manuscript on which he will probably toil until the early summer dawn breaks in the purple east. His letter is brief—containing only these few lines:

"Throw yourself at Miss Preston's feet as soon as you please. Miss Tyrrell does not consider you bound to her in the least. I am inclined to think that she cares for you 'as a cousin, cousinly'—and not a whit more. She suspects that you are engaged in some affair of the heart, and desires me to give you her love and

say that she will be glad to have a full account of it from you. Do not imagine that I betrayed you. She divined the important fact by the pure force of feminine intuition. I owe you many thanks for the pleasant place in which I find myself, and for the kindness with which I am treated—mainly because I am distinguished by your friendship. I will write more at length soon. Am pressed for time now, and only remain, Yours,

GEOFFREY CHARLTON.

(To be Continued.)

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

MARGARET ROSSELYN.

BY MRS. CICERO W. HARRIS, *of Wilmington, N. C.*

CHAPTER V.

HARDINGTON, the country seat owned by Edmund Maxwell, is about three miles from Williamsboro. It was built years ago, by the head of a Scotch family who emigrated to America soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. It stands in the midst of a large grove of original oak. It is a huge frame building, with large, airy passages, parlors, library and dining-room on the first floor. The second floor is divided into chambers, with numerous superfluous nooks and closets. The third and last story is one low, long room called "the garret." The rubbish of nearly a century is piled confusedly in the corners of the room and a person could conceal himself for weeks, without fear of detection, behind some of the bulky pieces of lumber. Faded portraits, ancient books, old skin-covered trunks, dainty half-worn slippers, half finished crayon sketches of the Highlands of Scotland, a soiled damask curtain, a strip of velvet carpeting, bespoke the character and position of the first owners of the property. The garret alone now retained the prestige of the old house. The two large apartments, once used as parlors, were the only furnished rooms in the building. They had been

fitted up for the private use of the new owner. The furniture was plain and substantial. The morning after the eventful day of the burial in St. John's churchyard—a bright pine fire blazed in the fire places of both rooms. The folding doors were pushed apart. The solitary occupant of the double rooms, Edmund Maxwell, was pale and haggard. The servants walked lightly about the house, and spoke in whispers as if they were in the very presence of death, or some demon more to be dreaded. The sound of these footfalls startled and excited Maxwell to such a degree that he had several times stepped to the door and, in a manner and tone the trembling menials could not well mistake, had ordered "Silence." They had never before seen any one so convulsed with rage or grief, and in their newly-donned freedom, they forgot that they had the right to resent such imperious treatment from only a "fellow-citizen." They only remembered the command was from a Southern born white man. Therefore they trembled and obeyed. Besides, they had become attached to Maxwell. He had never before scolded them. On the contrary, he had laughed and talked with his groom, his gardener, and his body servant quite familiarly. Maum Hannah, the housekeeper, kept his keys, mended his clothes, waited on him when he was sick, and acted as if she were, indeed, the owner of the property. Maxwell paid the wages of all his employees promptly, and often advanced money to those who needed it. His hired servants were perhaps the only human beings in the neighborhood, who were in any respect attached to him. He had the reputation of being haughty, arrogant and inclined to "make fun" of the people and their manners. The citizens were themselves aristocratic, exclusive, and wealthy, and they seldom made overtures of friendliness to any one who came to live among them unless they showed a disposition to conform to their manners and customs. Edmund Maxwell had never made any concessions. He spent the Summer and Autumn at Hardington, and the Spring and Winter elsewhere. This Winter he had remained at Hardington. Why he did so, no one knew or cared particularly.

This day, the bright morning, the sunny noontide, or the golden twilight, did not change the appearance of the master, or the rooms he had appropriated for his own use. The blinds were

closed, the curtains fastened over the windows, and orders had been given to admit no one. The young man restlessly walked up and down the rooms until fatigue would cause him to fall carelessly upon a chair or sofa, when he would bury his head in his hands and sit motionless for hours. The strong man who had borne the long weary ride with the dead, the weary vigil in the lonely church, and the excitement of the funeral, had broken down completely. Towards the close of the day, he seemed suddenly to remember something. He left his rooms abruptly and ascended the narrow stair-case, leading to the upper story or garret. The high windows of the low, dark room commanded a pleasing view of the surrounding country and for a moment his tired, bloodshot eyes rested upon it. No glance of pleasure lit up the weary face, and he turned from the prospect and seated himself on a low ottoman, beside one of the west windows. Near the ottoman was an old leather trunk, which had been sent into the garret several months before. This trunk he drew towards him and began to examine its contents. Among the promiscuous bundles of letters, scrap-books, torn music and loose notes which he found in it, there was a blank book half filled with the words of familiar ballads. The young man seized the book and read each page carefully. His cold suffering face softened perceptibly, as he continued to turn the pages covered with delicate handwriting. He soon came to a blistered page where tear-drops had rained down upon the closely written surface. The words were indistinct, many of them were blotted. He carried the book to the window and deciphered the stanzas:

"Tell him, that I love him yet
As in that joyous time;
Tell him I ne'er forget
Though memory now be crime.

Tell him when fades the light,
Upon the earth and sea,
I dream of him by night,
He must not dream of me

Tell him, that day by day
Life looks to me more dim;
I falter when I pray,
Although I pray for him.

And bid him, when I die
Come to my favorite tree,
I shall not hear him sigh
Then, let him sigh for me.'

He finished the last line of the simple ballad, closed the book, and, leaning against the window sill, his voice trembled with deep emotion as he said: "Sigh for you? Poor, weak yet beautiful woman! My life will be one long penance for you. Sigh for you? Would to heaven my sighs could bring back your lost honor, your purity! Aye, fair one, if they could, your innocence would put to the blush the white-winged angels. You tempted me! In an unguarded moment both fell. Your coquettish wiles lured me on, else I would have sooner dared to woo the chaste moon from her circling orbit. But I am not blaming *you*. I am a man—I *was* a strong man. You, a woman! and although far removed from my ideal of a high, pure woman—yet you were a woman—and the very knowledge should have made me a stronger, firmer man."

One moment his utterance was checked, but conquering his hoarseness and emotion he continued:

"Sigh for you? Ah! I would weary the Omniscient with sighs and prayers for you! But can *I* approach Him? He knows too well the vileness of our hearts. To Him your fair womanliness, your gentleness, are nothing! The frail heart alone is read by the All-searching Eye. O, Infinite Being, if Mercy has not forever fled Your courts, spare her! For myself I make no petition. I can, I will endure all, until oblivion comes. The tortures of the Beyond can never surpass those of the Present! Will the Creator of the earth and systems, I now behold, crush—damn—a woman, a poor, weak, ruined woman, who, like a mourning Magdalen knew the pangs of remorse before the summons came. Spare her, spare her, even if her own hand poured out, and held to her lips the draught that stilled life's pulses—which could not, dared not, throb under the mantle of disgrace. Pitying One look down in mercy, and—I dare not beg—spare her."

His frame shook as he knelt and bowed his head. His hands were clenched and his eyes were dry, stony, and almost glazed with agony.

The twilight had deepened into night, before the man grew calm enough to descend.

Maum Hannah, afraid to disturb him, had locked up the dining room, dismissed the house servants, and with her son Joe, the colored boy who waited on Maxwell, had taken her station

in his room to keep the fire burning and his supper warm. The tender hearted old colored woman had resolved to brave his anger, and scold him for acting so strangely. He entered looking so badly she half repented her decision and said mildly, "Master, I never allows my white folks to go all day without eatin' one mouthful. You has treated me well, since I has kept this 'stablishment for you, and I feels too much interest in you not to be consarned at the present state of things. I has cooked your supper with my own hands, and made Joe fix it on your table by the fire for you. Marse Maxwell, I is come to see that you eats every mouthful of it. You don't seem to have any control over yourself, and when you is in sich a bad condition, I consider it my duty to take control over you myself."

The man gave her a grateful look and said:

"Thank you, Maum Hannah, I need some one to take control of me. I will drink your tea, and to-morrow I hope to be able to attend to business. I have lost a dear friend, Maum Hannah, and I have been in the garret looking over some of her books and little trinkets."

"You been in the garret?" exclaimed the old negress in astonishment; "Massa, neber do sich a thing agin. It will bring bad luck to you. The Hardington family of the last gineration would have sooner put thar heads in that fire. Why chile, the place is haunted to begin with, and the pictures of all the dead Hardingtons is left up thar. When the property was sold the sheriffs and auctioneers was afeard to go in the garret, and that is how you came to own all of them old books, and trunks and other trash that is in that room. If I was not scared to death of the old pictures, I would go up thar with you and tell you who some of the things belonged to. The grey headed gentleman is old Massa Hardington. He was a hard master too. My mammy used to tell how he made the hands work Sundays, when he thought frost would come, or the crops were behind hand. He would beat us and sell us. But his son, Hugh Hardington, was a different man. Ole massa's wife was a native born lady and she taught her children how to treat us. Ole massa had not been raised to own slaves, and he did not know how to treat them. Massa Hugh treated us as kind as if we had been his own family. They is all dead now—all dead and buried in the church-

yard, or in the old burying ground which now belongs to you. But your tea is waiting, massa."

She always said "massa" when she wanted to be affectionate or meant to be obeyed. Maxwell permitted her to prepare his supper, and mechanically ate his warm toast and drank his strong cup of tea. Maum Hannah was very much gratified at her success for she had never before attempted to influence the reserved and haughty new owner. The younger Hardington would have never dreamed of disobeying her. She began to feel much more at home, when she saw Maxwell was not entirely different from the people with whom she had formerly lived, and whom she had faithfully served. Her new charge finished his meal and seemed refreshed.

The old woman was slow in removing the dishes. She perceived what a soothing influence her presence had on the mourning man. When her work was done and Joe had established himself in the corner, she sat down opposite Maxwell, and began to talk to him on the uncertainty of life and the uselessness of grieving for lost friends, with that peculiar unction known only to the old time Southern slave. Her reasoning was a strange mixture of common sense, superstition, and biblical knowledge. As she unexpectedly found a patient and apparently appreciative listener, her discourse continued for more than an hour. Fatigue and drowsiness soon came over the young man, when she left him to the tender mercies of her nodding son Joe, his two nights and two days of suffering and trial were forgotten in the luxury of dreamless sleep.

The golden glow of the fire died out on the hearth, and the red light of coals gleamed on the face—the chiselled, handsome, sleeping face. And the fading light exposed one bared wrist which fell across the snowy linen. Just above the well-shaped hand was the intricate seal of the City of Jerusalem imprinted in the flesh with india ink—and a part of another strange device, seemingly of Eastern origin, could be seen above the magic seal which the wildest Arab of the Desert will respect. But he sleeps: and for a brief period the Past, with its opportunities, its varied experiences, its joys, its woes, is dead to him. Even the Present haunts him not, and the slow-breathing sleeper rests.

If spirits of the dead, or if the spirit-presence of the living had

lingered by that bedside, would they not as they watched him, have reviewed his struggles, his wanderings, his temptations, his wild, restless thoughts, maybe his exalted aspirations, his generous, noble impulses, and pitied, prayed for and pardoned as much as could be pardoned? Man looks at the outside, and judges accordingly. Cannot, do not beings of a purer mould flit about in the living, breathing world, and give even bad men credit for a remaining atom of the power, the goodness, the deified image whose impress he received from the Creator? Does the foreordained stamp of the Demon, publish the victims predestined doom to a scoffing, hypocritical world, before the Godhead pronouncesthe sentence of eternal death?

Ah! as the shadows of the darkening room, where the weary human sleeps, became more grotesque in the lurid light of the fiery coals, a wife's, a mother's, a sister's spirit would grow tender and pity. And not because they did not condemn his sin; but they could look deeper into the mystic past, weigh motives, temptations, and the agonies of remorse. Who knows, if the mantle of charity had been thrown over his first slight sins—if Bible-taught religion had corrected his minor transgressions—the angels as well as men would not have rejoiced to mark and record his life-journey? Does not hypocricy, Phariseeism and a want of that chief of christian graces, Charity, on the part of fellow-men, hurry human souls onward towards Perdition? If the stars could outshine the sun, and were to group their eternal characters to form the words "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," would man heed the command? Or would he still urge the erring ones downward, *downward*, DOWNWARD, until society could no longer countenance? Until merely a slander perhaps—makes a sensitive heart yield to the promptings of Defiance and Despair, which beckon towards the portals, from beyond whose towering barriers the world can only distinguish the words "lost, *lost*, LOST." And the awful truth may be, that the Recording Angel catches the refrain, and that Gehenna's uttermost chasms gape open to emit the ghostly breathings, "lost, *lost*, LOST." May a higher Power shield the tempted!

And when the soothing thought that the spirits of the dead watch over the living—comes with its subtle, unsatisfying doubtfulness, we can accept it or reject it—for we know that a God who

is Love, and whose chief minister is Mercy, guards the children of men forever—and with more than a material or immaterial spirit's care. No device of language or man can substitute this fact. Let the dreamer imagine that spirits fill the breathing space,—aye, let them fancy they throng the illimitable realms where atmospbere is not, and keep their "watch and wait" but even his theory is based on the supposition, "God is over all,"—We know He sees alike the high and the low, the innocent and guilty. His eye pierces through the few feet of earth and the coffin lid—through the fathomless depths of restless water—and notes the slow decaying bodies which bear the signet seal of Death. He knows; He will judge.

As the white ashes frost the smouldering coals and the shadows obscure the suffering face of the pallid, slow-breathing, sleeping man, alone, almost friendless—let us whisper to a critical world the one word "Charity!" It may be he will suffer more than the scorn and contempt of a universe could inflict, when, as tired nature restores herself, and sleep flies before the morning dawn, the vision of a 'beautiful woman, whom sin make hideous,' haunts his waking. It may be, the same vision will come, and continue to come, until it drives him to the verge of madness. Ah! well may man have charity—for he knows, as well as he knows the Almighty handed down the decalogue, that few are they who could cast the first stone at the breaker of the commandments!

CHAPTER VI.

Time takes the bloom from the cheek of youth; it bends the form of robust middle age, and paints the flush of opening man and womanhood on the innocent face of adolescence. On man these changes are gradual and are almost unnoticed by those with whom he constantly associates. But a thrill of surprise lights the eye and quivers on the voice when we ask "How do you do?" after an absence of four years. And "How do you do?" though answered literally and explicitly with "Quite well, thank you," is not always meant to convey a doubt as to the well being of the person addressed.

Four years since the eventful winter in Williamsboro! Gilmer Pickett seizes Margaret Rosselyn's hand as they meet after service in St. John's aisle for the first time in four years! As he repeats mechanically "How do you do!" he knows she is looking fairer and more beautiful than she ever did.

Four years spent in another climate had metamorphosed his pale-faced playmate, his girlish sweetheart. He knew she had reached home the day before. He had longed to meet her. The promise to "answer all his letters" had not been kept. The rules of the convent where she had been educated and her father's wishes, had prevented. She received the graduating essay from Gilmer. The simple girl had changed, since she tripped by his side from choir practice in the crimson twilight of the winter evening. Her lip curled when she read the subject: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown." She read the essay, however, two or three times, tied it up with blue ribbon and put it away. Her only comment was, "I wonder what has come over Gil? *My* subject will be 'Ambition,' 'Excelsior,' or something of the kind. Commonplace, I know, but then—they *mean* a great deal. The difficulty will be to do the subject justice." The red lip scornfully repeated, after a moment's pause, "'Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown.' Pshaw! *I'd* wish to wear it any way—regardless of the uneasiness it might cause—and I know Gil used to think so too."

Four years had changed both Gilmer and Margaret, wonderfully. The old town had scarcely altered in its appearance. The congregation looked very much the same. Old faces had been supplied by new ones, but each family pew was occupied. There was a hush upon the assembly as Mr. Rosselyn preceded his regal daughter down the aisle. For the first time in eight years she was going to occupy the family pew with her father. Her usual seat had been at the organ in the gallery. Since her departure no one had attempted to play on it. The pipes were supposed to be out of order, and the chaunt and hymns were sung by the congregation. A singing master had charge of many members of the former choir, and with the aid of an old fashioned tuning fork they managed to make very creditable music. Margaret laughingly remarked to her father the day before, that if her arrival had not been at so late an hour she would have summoned a choir and treated the village to organ music once more.

A fashionably dressed lady is thoroughly criticised, even by the pious villagers of Williamsboro. As the young lady knelt beside her father before commencing the service, the admiring youths and maidens watched the sunshine play among the folds of her silk dress, and the waving motion of the long ostrich plume from her stylish hat. She had scarcely lifted her bowed head when the matrons and several members of the vestry had to shake their heads to worldly lips which murmured, "Beautiful! Pretty! Elegant!" She *was* beautiful. Her eyes were prominent, lustrous, dark, and wore a mingled expression of soft, womanly tenderness and intellectual fire. Her figure was finely developed. The sickly pallor of her face was gone, and though her cheeks were colorless, her complexion was of transparent fairness. Her lips were red as coral. It was a few minutes before service would begin. She looked around and recognised many familiar faces with a bow and smile. At last her eyes wandered to Mrs. Pickett's pew, and the faintest blush came as she nodded to a man whom she had known as her first lover.

The solemn words, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him," broke in upon the reverie which was weaving a pleasant spell around her. Sinful though it may be, her thoughts wandered, if her eye did not, to the pew where her quondam boy-lover sat. She felt, too, his earnest gaze upon her face, and wondered if the youthful lord of the temple of her human heart would ever rule there supreme again?

Gilmer's was the first hand which clasped her own after the benediction had been pronounced. It had been a pleasant service to her. The same quaint tunes filled the church, and her highly cultivated voice soared high above the congregation as they dragged through the familiar melodies. Edmund Maxwell turned and listened as she sang, and after service pressed forward with her old acquaintances to bid her welcome home. He forgot he had never before spoken to her. She did not forget the fact, but the glad reunion and sight of genuine, simple friends, caused her to ignore it. She shook his hand cordially, and scarcely shuddered as she voluntarily recalled the mysterious vigil and burial. Ah, Time, your flight brings healing on its wings as well as woe. The four years had left slight marks of care on Maxwell's face. He had become more popular

in the community. His worldly plans had prospered. He had always spoken affectionately and calmly about the grave beside Mrs. Ravenscroft. With the exception of Mr. Barham, the sturdy merchant, the villagers seldom mentioned the circumstance. It had become like Jaundyce *vs.* Jaundyce. The neighbors could not forget it while the red mound, like the endless proceedings of a Chancery Court, stared them in the face; but many a month would pass between the intervals of time when it was discussed. Dr. Halbert had taken tea with his "little Maggie" as he still called her, the evening before, but he came forward with the rest to press her extended hand. Gilmer Pickett waited in the vestibule and desired to accompany her home. The villagers smiled approvingly, as they saw the couple leave the church yard. *They* thought what a splendid match it would be, what a magnificent wedding they would be invited to attend, and how delighted they were to have Margaret come back to live among them forever. *They* imagined Gilmer worthy of any woman. He had graduated with distinction. He owned a neat farm just outside of the village, and showed a disposition to improve it. He was industrious and his moral character was above reproach. Some of the working men, complained that he did not do certain kinds of the hardest work with his own hands, but they forgave him when they saw how well he succeeded in making others do it. He read a great deal, and could influence more votes than any young man in the neighborhood. He was already a member of the vestry, and Superintendent of the Sunday School. Good, gentle Mrs. Pickett idolized him, and his father, the faithful rector, thanked God from his heart for his worthy son. The first fruits of the harvest were always brought to the rectory, and he had often thought of supporting his parents and permitting the church to stop the regular salary. He had mentioned the plan, but older heads had assured him they thought it would establish a bad precedent. They were convinced a congregation should feel bound by the most sacred obligations to support their minister. Gilmer at last saw the truth of their remarks, and took his father's good natured reproof most graciously. Rev. Mr. Pickett thought with his members, that "the laborer was worthy of his hire." So the matter was settled, and the rector's salary was raised.

As he took the familiar path once more with Margaret Rosse-

lyn, the past came vividly before him. Half playfully he said to the stately woman, (he could think of her only as his Maggie,) "Maggie, if it was not Sunday, I should ask you to recall the last time I walked here with you."

She smiled in return and said: "You have recalled, nevertheless. I think I remember the evening when youth and maiden, both helplessly unsophisticated, tripped home from a choir practice."

"And you remember the conversation, the pledges, Maggie?"

"It is Sunday, Mr. Pickett," she replied archly. "I was taught to endeavor to keep my mind occupied with holy thoughts on Sundays, at least; and remember, you are the Sunday School Superintendent."

"Ah, well, Miss Maggie or Miss Rosselyn, whichever you prefer, I will wait till to-morrow afternoon, when I shall claim the honor of taking you to ride. Then prepare to hear me address you, involuntarily, of course, by the old sweet name and on the same dear theme. Miss Rosselyn will you listen to me?"

"Listen? Yes, I will listen to you—Miss Maggie *ad interim*, is sufficiently formal. I would not restrain you, my friend, but I must ask you to imagine how a young lady, aged nineteen, would feel to be addressed by her given name because she used to be a schoolmate."

"I claim to have been more than a school-mate. I was your *friend*—your lover. I am still both, and will be both as long as I live."

"Very well, we will speak more of this to-morrow. I will ride with you with pleasure. Come early. I will not remain in Williamsboro very long, and I must make the most of my time. Bring your father and mother to spend the afternoon with us—but first, will you not come in and take dinner with us?"

"Thank you, not to-day. I have often dined with my friends on Sunday, but I do not approve of it. Besides, my heart is too full to-day. May I ask you one question? Have you kept the 'whiteness of your soul?'"

"No catechism for me yet, Mr. Pickett. I have served my time at Sunday Schools."

"Good-bye then," he said half sadly, as he lifted his hat at the doorstep. "If mother and father call this afternoon I will ac-

company them. And if I come, I will take you in spite of yourself, to the church to play some for me."

"I will see about that when you make the attempt. Good morning."

She entered the house. Mr. Rosselyn waited on the porch and repeated his daughter's invitation. It was declined, and as the young man returned to untie his horse from the horse-rack in front of the church his head was bent thoughtfully downward. A premonition of evil haunted him. He forgot where he was or where he was going. A vague sense of disappointment possessed him. Involuntarily he re-entered the church-yard and soon found himself in the building. The sexton left the door open during Sundays. Gilmer Pickett sat down on a cushioned stool near the chancel. He bowed his head on his hands for a few moments, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder.

CHAPTER VII.

Gilmer started up astonished, for he thought the church was empty when he entered, and he had heard no one come in.

"Pardon me," said Edmund Maxwell as he observed Gilmer Pickett's surprise. "I did not notice how severely I slapped your shoulder. It is a freedom I have not taken with any one for years. You are in trouble and a 'fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.'"

"I can excuse you as the blow was meant in kindness. Of course, sir, I am not in any serious trouble. Do I look so?"

"When one looks long at the apparently unruffled sea and studies restless waters for years, he can tell the faintest echo of the footsteps of the approaching Storm-King. The untutored cannot do this. He hears the waves dash and break themselves upon the sandy beach. To him the eternal monotone repeats a soft soothing idyl that tells of safety and peace. But the experienced ear hears afar the hoarse muttering of danger and unrest. You *are* troubled more than you are willing to confess. I do not ask, or care to know, what disturbs you, but the fact that you can feel deeply draws me towards you," said Maxwell in a low voice.

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the younger man

heartily, rising up and grasping the hand which still rested on his shoulder. "I was sad a moment. Disappointed perhaps would better express my feelings. I wandered in here involuntarily. I must go home—will you accompany me? I would be happy to have you dine at my bachelor's den just out of town."

"A batchelor's den has but few attractions, my friend," replied Maxwell smiling. "I have, during the last few years, been a recluse in one, and when I accept an invitation from you, it will be to call on Miss Rosselyn with you. She is an old, old friend I presume? I noticed you accompanied her home from church."

"Yes, she is an old friend, a former playmate."

"Ah! indeed! She reminds me forcibly of Auld Lang Syne. I would scarcely have recognized her. I have an indistinct recollection of an interesting little girl, who bore her name, a few years ago. I prophecy she is the *prima causa* of your trouble, and without waiting for a reply—for I do not seek your confidence—I intend, because I like you, to read you one, from the many chapters in my book of experience. The head reads in capitals: BEWARE OF WOMEN! I commenced life under the most favorable auspices. I was considered a highly moral youth. My education was the sole thought of a gifted mother, who had sufficient wealth to carry out all her plans. After graduation, I travelled. My body bears many a trace of Oriental tattoos, which were in a measure necessary to a tourist through the Levant. I preferred the romantic old countries of the East to the more popular resorts in Europe. I was fond of literature, I was ambitious, I was happy, until I loved. That love was misplaced. My idol fell—and I became what you now see me, a silent, reserved, misunderstood misanthrope. My life reminds me of an oil painting I have in my room in the Hardington mansion. If you will visit me, I will show it to you, and if you will permit me, I will paint it for you now, in the glowing eloquence of the artist orator who designed and colored the original. His description was so vivid and so appropriate, his very words come back to me as distinctly as the stanzas of a tender old ballad. You will perceive I am an egotist. I have lived for myself so long, I forget the rest of the world. And now," he continued as a rare smile flitted across his face, "shall I conclude my lecture on self with the description, especially as the lecture is for your benefit?"

"If such is the case I do not see how or where the almighty Ego so largely predominates," replied Gilmer, rising. "But proceed with the description. I shall be pleased to hear it."

Resting his arm on the stone font near him, Maxwell repeated in a deep, rich voice:

"There is no living thing in it: nothing but a flat, sandy, lonely beach, the restless waters throwing their foaming crests upon it. In the misty distance, is the long, level horizon, leading the mind thousands of miles beyond, and a radiant sky, with battlements of far-off cloud heads stretched across, the last rays of day casting upon them a golden glow, leaving upon the Deep a tinge of sadness, of coming night, of a history of conflict and a longing for rest—further suggested by a piece of wreck just cast out, and a sealed bottle which contains the last tale of a sinking crew. The mighty waters tell no other. The picture as a whole seems to speak of Life, Eternity, and the Hope above—the struggle, the end, the aspiration—the mighty poem sung in mystic tones along the shores of the grand old sea. Gazing on it, the beholder feels that on the New Earth, there shall be no more sea! In this world of trouble only, with its unfulfilled desires, its wrecks, its unexplained longings and its most mysterious Yonder, that type of Eternity, may roll: but where all is peace and all is completion, and the every hope of man is attained, it is not needed."

His head bent lower as he continued in a deeper tone which emotion made tremulous: "Years ago the life died out of my heart of hearts. The sealed record of the Past—the tragic story of a soul's wreck—is a sacred memory to me alone. The purity, the honesty, the aspirations of my youth are golden radiances which gleam athwart the battlements of endless cloud-heads. The wild ocean catches a stray beam sometime, but it continues to heave, to roll, to dash its shadow-laden waters with its murmuring, moaning roar. You cannot number the wrecks which strew its trackless, fathomless bottom. The winding-sheets of water keep them hidden, and I fancy the sea-shell's pink would deepen into crimson if it dared to chaunt the requiem of the unshriven, but not unwept dead, whose spirits haunt the undiscovered depths. In the Above, it may be different—but pardon me, I have widely digressed, I must be crazed; and a woman caused it all. Young

friend, beware of love. Choose a wife with the aid of judgment—calm, sober judgment. Keep control of your heart. Don't let it speak one solitary word to you. You now fancy you are 'in love' as they call it with 'that fair girl, Margaret Roselyn. You picture to yourself a neat cottage with its 'bower of roses,' its vine covered porch, its well kept rooms, its quiet unbroken peacefulness. You bend low your enamored ear to catch the sweet pastoral, your fevered, excited songs of 'Home, Sweet Home' of wifely love, of fair children, of man's esteem and of earthly happiness. Shrink not because I read your thoughts. I too have listened to the same siren song. Aye, listened, until I was duped, ruined! No Circe ever wove a stronger spell around a weaker or more willing victim. I pity you. And for 'Pity's sweet sake' I tell you how I look back upon the buried love of the past. Heed my warning, or you too, may be destined to feel the same. Like the faint perfume of a withered, shattered rose, long pressed between the leaves of a book, and hidden from sight, seems this story of the by-gone which I have told you and which has never passed my lips before. And the symmetry and beauty of my rose was blighted by the sweeping tempest of passion. It was no pale, blush rose growing in the rarified atmosphere of intellectual friendship, sound judgment and matured thought. It was a glorious, crimson rose that flings its intoxicating odors on the tropical airs of passion, tragedy, and deathless, though hopeless love. But enough of metaphors. You cannot understand them—and I generally dislike them. I would not have indulged in them so extensively, perhaps, if the pathos of 'what might have been' did not sweep over my soul, sometimes and unman me. I tell you the dream of love is fatal, and I warn you, in kindness, to beware."

Gilmer Pickett had gazed admiringly at the man as he spoke. He held out his hand and, clasping Maxwell's with enthusiasm, he said:

"My friend, I had forgotten myself and my slight trouble. I thank you heartily for your good intentions, but I thank you more warmly for letting me know what a neighbor I have neglected to cultivate. I have listened to you attentively. Carry out the meaning of your expressive picture. There is Hope, Aspiration in the future for you yet."

"Stop there, Mr. Pickett" interrupted Maxwell. "Look to yourself, and let me pursue my course without advice from you. I have lived longer than you have, and I have lived through more in one week than you have in one year. I appreciate your motives, but everything you can say will be useless. My duty to you, a fellowman, is done. I must leave you. Good morning." He hastily walked out of the church, mounted his horse and galloped down the road. Gilmer followed him more slowly, and met at the gate irrepressible Mr. Barham, who was constantly on the alert when Maxwell frequented the church or church-yard. As Gilmer untied his horse, Mr. Barham said to him "What in the mischief are you up to Gilmer? I would not be caught in St. John's with Ned Maxwell."

"Why sir?" inquired the young man. "I believe he is an honest man, and if he is not he will not make much out of me."

"He is tricky, my lad," said Mr. Barham, "There is something radically wrong about that chap or I'm no judge of human nature. What were you doing in St. John's, Gilmer? I ask for other reasons than my interest in you."

"And I could not tell you, Mr. Barham no matter what your reasons may be, I am inclined to think, sir, that you do not judge that young man with your usual clemency. Excuse me for saying it to you, sir, but he is a better man than you think."

"Pshaw! better fiddelesticks! He is a villain. He is as proud as the devil besides, and the less you have to do with him the better it will be for Gilmer Pickett."

With this the merchant turned on his heel and walked off.

To be Continued.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

By T. B. Kingsbury.

IV.—*His Critics—Poems of* 1842.

Before we take up for a brief examination the poems published in 1842, we desire to detain the reader with some remarks concerning some of his critics—those who have discussed his varied poems with the greatest fairness, acuteness and ability.

As we have said in a preceding paper, there is no poet more read by poets than TENNYSON. He has found his best interpreters among either professed writers of verse, or among critics in whose intellectual organism the imagination holds a high, if not the controlling, place. One of the first persons to recognize his supreme endowments was a poet of very *unique* genius, whose inspiration was genuine, whose ear for the effects of numbers was almost perfect, whose poetry is often of rarest beauty and sweetness, and is always graceful and melodious even when most sombre or funereal. We refer to one who ranks with the first writers in all our country, our own royally gifted son of the South, the slandered, wayward Edgar Allan Poe—that child of misfortune and sorrow. He said thirty years ago, after he had read and studied the volumes we have noticed, and that of 1842, that he was not sure that TENNYSON was not *the greatest* of all poets. However extravagant this may appear, no one can doubt Poe's great abilities both as a critic and a poet. He was surely as competent to interpret genius as any man of our land now living. We do not think as he does, but note his opinion because of its high source. He was not only in advance of the opinion held by the ablest writers of his times, although many of them accorded a lofty place on Parnassus to our poet after the volume of 1842 was published, but Poe claims more for TENNYSON than is allowed him now by the consentient opinion of foremost living critics. But in Poe's day our poet's finest work was only appreciated by such as he. The great public, then, as now, merely skimmed his works, formed very immature notions and gave very worthless opinions concerning them. He must be *studied*. As poetry in its highest form demands the greatest intellectual exertion, so does such poetry require the most careful attention and patient thought, on the part of the reader, bringing as a reward for such effort the profoundest satisfaction and enjoyment. Within a few days we have met with a brief passage in a capital article in *Blackwood*, which we here re-produce. It confirms what we said in our last paper in regard to the two classes who read our poet —the thoughtful few and the careless many. The writer says:

"All vigorous intellectual pleasure needs to be worked up to with effort. We cannot read fine poetry which opens and revives in us a world of keen sensation without a degree of labour from

which men too often shrink, *preferring lower satisfaction more easily and lazily come by.*"

The man who masters TENNYSON, which requires a great deal of time and study, will reap largely of the most unalloyed delight, and he will not then wonder at such an opinion from so versatile, able and gifted a writer as Edgar Poe. We happen to know that the best poet of our State holds *now* very much the opinion that Poe held then.

Peter Bayne, an able Scotch critic, from whom we have frequently quoted, has written very eloquently, charmingly, lovingly, and even poetically, concerning TENNYSON, but so many years ago as to make an additional *critique* from him necessary, to supplement what he so felicitously said. Since that time, TENNYSON has published his splendid epic, the *Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, a pastoral poem of supreme beauty and tenderness, and a dozen or more minor poems of such exquisite finish and imaginative power, as to reveal at every turn the workmanship of the great technical artist of all times. Bayne interpreted TENNYSON'S genius correctly in 1858, and a study of what he has since done, would certainly confirm his former judgment and enlarge his admiration. He pronounces him a poet of commanding genius, the greatest of his times.

Henry Reed, in his fine work, *English Literature*, has criticized *In Memoriam* with admirable judgment and taste. It is to be regretted that so capable a critic did not extend his discussion to other poems by the same author. H. P. Whipple, the leading Boston critic, over twenty-five years since, discussed our poet, but it has been so long since we read his article, we are unable now to characterize it. The author of that eloquent, sparkling and valuable work, *History of English Literature*, the Frenchman, H. A. Taine, devotes an entire chapter to TENNYSON, treating him elaborately, but not with full justice. Indeed, to us, his discussion was alike disappointing and provoking. He leaves unsaid so much that is well worth uttering, and says so much that antagonizes with our own judgment, that we laid down his second volume with some of the repugnance we felt when we read his amusing criticism on *Paradise Lost*, and with something of the disappointment we experienced when we read for the first time his eloquent and ingenious discussion of Shakspeare, a genius

of such manifold and perplexing gifts that no man of the Latin race has thus far understood or properly interpreted. He fails to appreciate the finest and most subtile gifts of TENNYSON. His perfect taste, exquisite art, lofty morality, conscientious workmanship, melodious verse, wonderful diction, opulence of imagery, multiform grace, and abounding variety, are unrecognized for the most part. The devotee of Racine and De Musset sits unappreciative before the shrine of the great English poet, it may be because he is a—Frenchman. And yet Taine, with all of his critical short-comings, explicitly allows that TENNYSON "is a born poet," has "manifold talent," has "chosen amongst all forms the most elegant, ornate, exquisite," and possesses "freshness and simplicity" when he so wills, whilst invariably distinguished by "purity and elevation."

We do not stop to mention scores of incidental criticisms upon TENNYSON we have met with in books by famous men and women, nor do we note some articles we have now and then read in the British periodicals by, to us, unknown pens. All acknowledge his great genius, but differ as to his true place in literature.*

Ten years is a long time in the life of any man. And yet for ten years our poet was silent. In 1842 he published a third volume, *English Idylls and Other Poems*. It was then, at the age of thirty-three, that by the univocal voice of his people he was placed at the head of all poets of that day. He had won that fame and name to which all masters of song aspire. We purpose to glance briefly at the contents of this volume, although it richly deserves an extended discussion. The student of TENNYSON well knows what a precious treasury is to be found within. This volume contains many of his most beautiful and characteristic productions, and exhibits almost every gift for which the poet is so distinguished. There is scarcely any kind of verse he has not attempted, and with marvellous success. How the eye glistens and the pulse quickens with delight as you turn the familiar leaves

*We had written the above, when a cultivated gentleman of New York, F. M. Deems, M. D., who knew we were engaged on these papers, placed us under obligations by sending us two articles on TENNYSON, by Edmund Clarence Stedman. We have read them twice with deep satisfaction, and take pleasure in here acknowledging their elegance, chastity and ability. They are altogether the best discussion of our poet's works that we have seen. We accept Mr. Stedman's interpretation of the Laureate as more correct than that of any other writer with whom we are familiar. The articles are very beautiful, dainty, artistic and penetrating, and are an ornament to the literature of our country and age.

of this splendid contribution! There you meet with lyrics of liquid sweetness and grace, or full of passionate energy; there you find elegies of deepest pathos and of exalted imaginings; or pastorals of simple beauty and tenderness; or sketches replete with a certain epic fire or dramatic point and vividness; or narratives at once chaste, clear and melodious—the whole marked by those exquisite felicities of language—and that admirable art that belong to his productions.

The idyllic poems of this collection are generally very pleasing, and some of them are as perfect as any compositions of the kind in our language. What can possibly be more graceful, more natural, more agreeable than *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Dora*, *Godiva*, *Audley Court* and *Edwin Morris?* *Dora* has been well compared to a Hebrew pastoral, "the paragon of its kind," and declared to be "faultless as a whole." The same writer asks, "Who can read it without tears?"* *Godiva* and *The Gardener's Daughter* are equally successful, and of rarest beauty and delicacy. There is a freshness about some of these idylls,—a sylvan beauty, an aroma of flowers, that is as delightful as the scent of the honeysuckle or the song of the mocking-bird. "They make you think of sunbeams wandering among roses and lilies, of light streaming silently through delicate foliage, turning all its green to gold, of the prattling of children by sunny rills, of the tears and smiles of whispering lovers."† *Ulysses* belongs to this group, and yet differs in that it is more intense, more sinewy and of loftier sweep. Stedman says admirably of it, that "for virile grandeur and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches" it. He adds, that "conception, imagery and thought, are royally imaginative." We believe this to be just. What can be finer than these stirring lines that move with a music unknown to the blank-verse of any other poet? Ulysses is now old, and leaving his son Telemachus to wield the sceptre, the grand old monarch determines "to seek a newer world:"

> "Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
> Death closes all: but something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
> Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

*E. C. Stedman. †Bayne, 2v. p. 114.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The poems we have mentioned are quite as remarkable for originality of conception and perfection of finish as *Locksley Hall*, a production, however, that is more widely known and admired. It is unquestionably a poem of great passion and vigor, written in trochaic measure, and has elicited hearty praise from all critics, even from Taine. The careless reader who merely dips into TENNYSON, has learned to relish it, and can quote at least this happy couplet:

"Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

Let us copy some lines from this poem that is all aflame with the fires of pathos and passion. It is the old, old story—love and disappointment. The hero recounts his own sad experience—how his betrothed deceived him and married another altogether unworthy of her. He sees Locksley Hall in the distance, and then from the store-house of memory brings forth the story of his love and his blasted hopes. After telling how she married, he indulges many bitter thoughts, mingled with some just reflections. We cannot follow the story but must content ourself with a few couplets, for the most part disjointed.

"Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: *love is love forevermore.*
"Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

* * * * * *

"I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

"But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

* * * * * *

"*Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,*
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.
Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

* * * * * *

"Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun and clime ?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—
I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than the earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon !
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

* * * * * *

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet."

The first poem in the volume is *Morte D'Arthur*. It is one of the most perfect metrical compositions in English literature, and has been rarely equalled by our poet. As it has been incorporated in the stories of the Round Table, we will reserve what we have to say until we come to consider them. Another of the most *popular* of TENNYSON'S poems is the *Talking Oak*. It is in troachaic heptameter, and well deserves to be popular, for it is one of the most winsome, sparkling, graceful poems of this or any century. Stedman characterizes it as "that marvel of grace and fancy, the nonpareil of sustained lyrics in quatrain verse." How absolutely charming is this picture of a young girl gambolling on the greensward like a young colt :

"A light wind chased her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild,
As close as might be would he cling,
About the darling child :

But light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her."

But the whole poem is fresh and charming—redolent throughout of the joyousness and hopelessness of youth, and of a poet's delicate fancy.

We cannot attempt to even briefly notice all the more striking poems in the volume we are considering. But we must refer more particularly to one in the collection. *The Two Voices* in octosyllabic triplets, is an admirable example of TENNYSON'S manner of handling a subtle, metaphysical discussion, at the same time preserving his poetic art. Writers of inferior genius and skill, if successful in presenting an acute and philosophical train of reflection in metrical form, are quite certain to allow whatever of poetic aroma they may have to escape, and to present only a dry, scentless weed, quite stripped of its foliage and flowers, wherewith to regale their readers. But not so TENNYSON. However argumentative or analytical he may be, and he is often so, when in his happiest and clearest mood, the reader will always find him the genuine poet, faithful to his high calling. It is peculiarly so in *The Two Voices*, for although entirely subtle and metaphysical, "no lyrical trill of undiluted melody, no lilt sung by a village maiden, was ever more purely and entirely poetical."* We have not space for analysis. We would like to quote freely, but it is difficult to select without stating the argument of the poem. It is indeed one of the most marvellous poems of its length in our language, and deserves to be read and read again by all to whom poetic taste is not denied. There are many lines that are among the most memorable we have ever met with. Will the sympathetic reader who is unacquainted with the great production allow us to lay before him a few stanzas, torn from the context, but still so transparently beautiful and perfect as to be easily enjoyed? The "two voices" hold a discussion. One is a scientific skeptic: the other is a scientific believer, They discuss God, truth, and humanity. The believing scientist, referring to the aspirations of his heart in the hopeful days of his youth, says:

"When wide in soul and bold of tongue,
Among the tents I paused and sung,
The distant battle flash'd and rung.

"I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
And, sitting, burnished without fear
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

*Bayne.

"Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the Knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

* * * * * *

"To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

"In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honor'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown;

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears;

"Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is roll'd in smoke."

Speaking of Stephen, the proto-martyr of Christianity, he says:

"He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' curs'd and scorn'd, and bruised with stones:

"*But looking upward*, full of grace,
He pray'd, and *from a happy place,*
God's glory smote him on the face."

When was the perfect silence and repose and the utter powerlessness of death ever so well described before as in these terse lines?

"His palms are folded on his breast:
There is no other thing express'd
But long disquiet merged in rest.

"His lips are very mild and meek:
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

"He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

"High up the vapors fold and swim:
About him broods the twilight dim:
The place he knew forgetteth him."

Now is not that wondrously graphic and forceful? We must quote a few additional stanzas for which, we are sure, the reader will thank us. It is a beautiful Sabbath morning and the church bells are ringing:

"Like soften'd airs that blooming steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal
The sweet church bells began to peal.

"On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

"One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measur'd footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

"The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

"And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure."

But we must hasten to the conclusion of our remarks on the poems of 1842. Space will not allow any special notice of many other exquisite specimens of TENNYSON'S rich, fecund, chaste, and imposing genius. We must pass by the mellifluous and ærial *Day Dream*, those charming lyrics *Lady Clare*, *The Lord of Burleigh* and *Edward Gray*, so sweet, so musical, so tender; the jovial, humorous *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue;* those heart-quickning lyrics, *St. Agnes* and *Sir Galahad*, so "full of white light, and each a stainless idealization of its theme,"*—every line of which burns with the true fire of genius; that strange, weird, metaphysical poem, *The Vision of Sin*, and two or three shorter poems of very rare merit. Tempting as it is to say something of their distinguishing excellences, and to quote some of the most noticeable passages, we must forego the pleasure. We conclude this paper with two little poems. The first contains only six lines, and is entitled *The Eagle*. We believe it to be absolutely perfect. It is as clear cut as a cameo.

"He clasped the crag with hooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,

*Stedman.

Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

The other composed of sixteen lines, and although the theme is old, is as fine a lyric as our language contains, and in saying this, we are not unmindful of the best lyrics of the masters—of Shakspeare, Coleridge, Shelly, Keats and a few others. It is called *The Poet.*

"The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under the spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the spray.
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

Bayne felicitously says of this noble lyric: "The delineation is as clear as it is condensed. Every touch is laid on as with a pencil of light: and Homer never was more graphic. In the melody there is a blending of buoyancy and stateliness beyond all praise."

Owing to the space we have occupied in discussing the earlier poems, in our next paper we will conclude what we have to say, by a necessarily hurried glance at the later and longer poems of TENNYSON, and by a brief analysis of his genius.

NOTE.—Passing over minor typographical errors in our last paper, there are a few that require correction. On page 616, line 3 from bottom, read *finely* for "finally." On next page, line 3 from top, read *poetically* for "partially." On 618 page, line 2 from top, read *mild* for "wild," and in next line, for "very thigh" read *rosy* thigh. On 620 page, line 2 from top, for "and" read *or*, and in last of the paragraph, for "clearness" read *cleverness.*

THE ROUND TABLE.

THE MODERN CONFLICT.

You cannot open a Review or take up a paper now-a-days, that you do not read of the conflict being waged between Religion and Science. And yet, the antagonism is more seeming than real. We believe the apparent conflict is attributable mainly to the untempered zeal and narrow views of the respective combatants. A few wise adherents of each party have seen that the conflict does not exist, and that a just recognition of what the Bible and Science teach,—will heal the apparent breach, and make allies of those who are now arranged in hostile ranks. Some of the ablest English writers for the leading publications are engaged in a noble work in reconciling differences and showing how much the scientist may acknowledge on purely inductive principles, and how much the defenders of Bible Christianity may concede. By this process it is made plain that the differences may be harmonized, and that men of research, learning and ability may meet on a common platform. We purpose reproducing hereafter a portion of an article bearing upon the subject, that appeared in one of the recent numbers of the *British Quurterly Review.*

For ourself, we are never alarmed when we see men of science attacking the Bible. However formidable in numbers, learning and skill the leaders of the attack in our time may be, we are not dismayed. During the last two hundred years, and even in earlier times, men of power and erudition—Hume, Volney, Bolingbroke, Voltaire and others—have been confident of victory over the followers of Christ, and have assaulted the bulwarks with probably as much vigor and skill and learning as the modern Skeptics and Positivists have been able to do. And yet the bulwarks have remained unbroken, and the Gospel has continued to spread and to accomplish the great end of saving sinners. And so it will continue. Did not the Master say to those consecrated souls unto whom He committed the great work of evangelization,

that wherever they might go, under whatever skies they might live,—"Lo! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

We may safely trust in that promise. It is not written that the Banner of the Cross shall be rent in pieces and the flag-staff broken. It is not written that His enemies shall triumph, and the ensign of infidelity and treason shall wave in victory over the dismantled fortresses of Christianity. The tri-color ensign of France has been borne often to victory and to defeat. The British flag has floated in triumph over many fields of conquest, and it has been made too the symbol and memorial of defeat. The Stars and Stripes have known hours of triumph and days of disaster. Men who have marched under its ample folds have been thrilled with the pæans of victory, and have felt too the sharp pangs that defeat brings to the heart of manhood. On all the ensigns of nations there are bright names and many stars that shine with splendor, and these have been trailed in the dust and the feet of conquerors have trodden them. But not so with another banner that was thrown to the breeze among Judea's hills over eighteen centuries ago. At first only a few chosen followers stood under its gleaming folds. As the years have passed away, the small band has grown into a vast army, greater far than any human Captain ever led; greater far than the vast hordes of Xerxes, or any of the armies of Modern Europe, for to-day they number countless millions, and come up to battle for the Lord from every continent, and from many islands of the sea. They march to a music that is far more animating than any music that ever stirred the souls of Roman legion or British Division, for they are ever marching to the sweet music of Redemption, as it floats down the centuries of time from Calvary's Cross. They bear aloft a flag that is far more lustrous and pure than any that ever waved at Austerlitz or Badajos or Marengo or Fredericksburg. Upon its streaming folds are Faith, Hope and Love, and no crimson tide that flowed from the battle-slain discolors or mars its beauty. It is a long, long time, as we earthly pilgrims measure the years, since that little army began its march. During the eighteen hundred years, it has moved through many lands and toiled in many inhospitable climes. It has kept moving on in its career of conquest. Beginning in the far East, it has steadily marched towards the "gates of the West" until it has fairly girdled

the earth with its triumphs. "Westward" it took "its course of Empire," and now it may be said of it with far more of truth than of the vast British Empire, that the sun in its circuit visits no country with its rays where its morning drum-beat may not be heard. That precious flag has been borne through harder fights than any earthly banner ever went. It has been seized from year to year and kept always in front as the color-bearers have fallen in the long march or in the sharp onset. Wherever borne it has been to triumph—its meteor-folds ever gleaming in the front of battle and bearing on high the motto of its Great Leader—"*Conquering and to Conquer.*"

Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander; Napoleon, Frederick, and Marlboro', Wellington, Von Moltke, and Robert E. Lee, were great soldiers doubtless—but they were either defeated or liable to defeat. At last after life's conflicts then comes death, and worms consume them. But the leader of that other host is invincible. Before Him, death flees in discomfiture. He is the King, Immortal, Eternal and Invisible—the Lord of Hosts. Wherever He leads His banner is borne to victory; wherever He leads there the soldiers of the Cross are animated with the certainty of triumph. If they fall in such a fight whilst commanded by such a Captain, they know what awaits them—a home in heaven and rest forever. Can this be said of the soldiers who have fought under the banners of earth's mightiest men?

So we have no fear as to the final victory. When the followers of the Modern materialist have gone to their reward, and their names are forgotten, the Lord's Banner will still float the signal of victory and the sign of hope. T. B. K.

The taste for emotion may become a dangerous taste; and we should be very cautious how we attempt to squeeze out of human life, more ecstacy and paroxysm than it can well afford. It throws an air of insipidity over the greater parts of our being, and lavishes on a few favored moments the joy which was given to season our whole existence.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

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INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

BY PROF. T. J. MORGAN, D. D.

An institution of learning, such as a college, university, or theological seminary, when once established on a broad and deep foundation, is among the most permanent things on earth. It is endowed with a *quasi* immortality. While generations come and go, it remains; while empires rise and fall, it, like Mont Blanc, looks down from its serene height upon the ever-shifting panorama of shadow and sunshine, peace and war, birth and death. It possesses a life of its own, a marked individuality, and amidst all the changes of students, teachers, boards of trustees, and benefactors, it keeps its identity.

Like Niagara Falls, over which the waters of the globe, seas, lakes, oceans, rivers, clouds and the melted glacier, pour through continuous centuries, taking the same beautiful form, give forth the same deep, sonorous roar of power, send up the same fleeting mist and dancing rainbow, so a great school gathers into itself the youth of all races, the productions of all minds, the literature of all peoples, history, philosophy, poetry, theology, shapes them to its own use, and draws from them that which conserves its own being. Or, like the giant trees of California, it sends its roots deep down into the soil made for it by a thousand geologic ages, and lifts its branches towards the eternal sky, and drinks into itself the rain wafted to it from every zone, and the sunshine of all seasons. An institution of learning, as its very name imports, has to do with truth. It may be hampered by some narrow mistaken notion on the part of its founder as to what is truth, but its essential spirit is a truthful spirit; it seeks truth and imparts truth. This is the secret of its longevity. Truth is eternal and,

to every school that sincerely sets itself to know and teach the verities of earth, or man, or God, it imparts something of its own immortality.

In a word it may be said that a school of true learning has its origin in God, who has embodied his own thought in the universe of mind and matter, made man in his own image, placed him in the midst of a world teeming with objects of interest, rewards him for every new discovery with an inexpressible delight and an increased longing for fresh discoveries, implanted a yearning for that congenial fellowship, varied, deep, elevated, ecstatic and lasting, which only a great school supplies. God is the source of truth, the ultimate aim of the pursuit of truth. A school of learning investigates truth, aggregates facts, elucidates principles, elaborates systems, inculcates doctrines, and thus seeks to develope mind, unfold nature, exhibit God. The school aids in completing man, disclosing the universe, and revealing God. Having its origin in God, making truth its great agent, it finds its proximate end in completely developed soulhood, its final cause in the glory of God.

There never has been an age of the history of the world in which there has not existed some sort of school, for the double reason that there is in man a two-fold instinct of acquisition and impartation. To study and to teach are essential characteristics of the race, without which man would not be man. Teacher and pupil gravitate toward each other by an irresistible law of being. The school, the lecture-room, library, professors and students are found everywhere and always where men are not savages, and are found in embryo even there.

There are many minor considerations, aside from these fundamental ones, going to show that a great school, when once established has promise of long life. The school is a great charge committed to a board of trustees, who are ennobled by the trust, and feel that a failure in the administration of its affairs would be a dishonor, a stain on their personal reputation that no time could erase. Among the heroes of history, who impelled by the very highest considerations of life, duty to God, faithfulness to confided trusts, devotion to truth, love for their fellow-men, have given days and nights, year after year, of unrequited toil, thought, anxiety, pecuniary sacrifice, mingled with prayers and tears,

should be numbered very many who have served their generation as trustees of institutions of learning.

The teacher who, lifted above all mercenary consideration, impelled by a quenchless spirit of investigation, renewing his youth in each successive generation of youth, his intellectual progeny, feeling the enthusiasm that comes of the high endeavor to grasp truth and use it as the instrument of shaping immortal destiny, sinks his own life, and thereby finds it in the life of the school, receives from it and imparts to it immortality. The students who frequent its halls, experiencing more than the traveller's joy at the ever widening horizon that stretches farther and farther before them until earth blends with heaven, time and eternity, who become conscious under the power of truth, teacher, and experience of unsuspected talent, and go forth into life guided to great destinies, turn ever and anon to the *Alma Mater* as to a cherishing mother indeed, and henceforth find in her growth and development their highest delight.—*Chicago Standard.*

TEACH CHILDREN TO DRAW.

Nearly all children have a propensity to make figures on their slates or on pieces of paper. This practice should be encouraged. It should not be allowed to encroach upon time devoted to other lessons, but it may well employ their leisure.

Their first pictures will doubtless be quite rude. Their houses will be lop-sided, their trees stiff and dead, their men and women all awry, their animals mere skeletons perched on sticks. Smile at these beginnings, if you will, but don't discourage them. One or more of these children may develop into artists of consummate abilities; and if not, they will become men and women of nice perceptions and cultivated taste.

This fondness of drawing should be controlled and guided by a teacher. Instruct them how to make straight lines; then to connect them into squares, triangles, parallelograms; then to make curved lines; then to represent light and shade; then proceed to fences, trees, rocks, flowers, men and animals. A majority of your pupils will not care to go beyond the rudiments of "the

fine arts," though a few will be likely to go farther than parent or schoolmaster can lead them. They will need little further encouragement—nay, you cannot hold them back if you try. Watch their course, and ere long you will hear of the exploits of a Cole, a Church, a Kensett, a Huntington.

Yet these are exceptions, and it is not chiefly for their sakes that we say, teach children to draw. It is for the majority. Instruct them to draw, in order to cultivate their powers of observation, their sense of proportion, harmony, fitness and beauty. The mechanic, and farmer, and indeed every man of business, has frequent occasion to make drawings of objects, and it is of great value to him to be able to do so without employing a professed draughtsman.

Everybody travels now-a-days, and it is no light and worthless accomplishment which enables one to sketch the scenery through which he is passing. By all means, let the children draw, likewise teach them how to do it.—*Hearth and Home.*

GREEK PHILOLOGY.

In former times writers of Greek Grammars contented themselves with exhibiting the principles of inflection and syntax. their object being to enable the student to enter upon the study of the language with as little delay as possible. But in this age of progress, when philology has been raised to the rank of an exact science, the grammarian must not confine himself to a mere exhibition of the phenomena of the language as it exists in the authors that have come down to us. He is expected to describe accurately the forms which ought to have been used before the Greek peninsula was inhabited by any human being, he must descant upon the inherent qualities of fricatives, surds, factitives, and sonants, as also upon the psychological tendencies of the paulo-post future; he must invent new names for old things, and give a satisfactory account of the Greek pronunciation which prevailed in the days of Phoroneus, Inachus, Sinis, Sciron, Procrustes; otherwise he will not be considered as having duly executed his task. Further, he must embellish his pages with long notes

and excursuses about Sanskrit and Slavic affinities, and Lithuanian and Chinese analogies, not forgetting the curiously developed dialects of Caffraria, which are probably related to the language of the Cabiri. All which he can accomplish without even knowing the alphabets of those languages. The science of the nineteenth century has established the important truth that all races of men, ancient and modern, put their vocal organs in motion for the purpose of embodying in articulate sounds the operations of their minds, always excepting the Cynocephali and the Sciapodes, who express their sentiments by barking and cackling, respectively. Grammar now has ceased to be a means—it is an end. The numerous references to numerous grammars in all our Greek text-books show that the langurge is to be studied not for its authors, but for its roots, stems, affixes, prefixes, and numerals; and always with reference to Sanskrit, Welch, and Lithuanian. Those who have a taste for Greek literature should use translations, for who would prefer walking to riding?—*The Nation.*

THE FOOD OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

In the present state of research, the earliest authentic traces of man on earth go no further back than the age of ice, so-called, and the accompanying or subsequent formation of the diluvium or drift. The relics of man dating from an earlier epoch, the upper miocene formation, that is, the middle of the Tertiary group, which are said to have been found in France, are at least very questionable. But there have been preserved for us in caverns remains dating from the Ice Age, which tells us of the food used by man in those times. Man then inhabited Central Europe in company with the reindeer, cave-bear, and the mammoth. He was exclusively a hunter and a fisher, as is shown by the bones of animals found in his cave-dwellings. The miocene epoch, which abounded in arboreal vegetation, had disappeared during the long period of the subsequent pliocene formations, the climate of Central Europe, meanwhile, having gradually become colder. Nature supplied no fruit for the food of man. What food he got by hunting and fishing was precarious, and there were intervals

of famine ; for fortune does not always smile on the hunter, and the beasts of the forest are not always equally numerous. The food, too, was uniform, and not altogether adapted for man, for the flesh of wild animals lacks fat. The man of those times had not enough of the heat producers in his food, and that he felt this want, we learn from his taste for the marrow of bones. All the long bones of animals that are found in cave-dwellings, are cracked open lengthwise, in order to get out the marrow. Now this insufficient, uniform food has its counterpart, in the low grade of culture which then prevailed, as evidenced by the mode of life, the weapons, and the tools. Man then lived isolated, without social organization; he dwelt in caverns, and his only protection against cold was the skins of animals and the fire on the hearth. His tools were of stone, unpolished, unadorned ; so rudely fashioned that only the eye of the connoisseur can recognize in them man's handiwork.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

ENGLISH GRAMMAR AS IT IS.

By J. H. Becton.

CASE.

Case, in grammar, are modifications that distinguish the relations of nouns and pronouns to other words.—G. Brown and T. L. Covell.

Case is the variations of form which shows the relation of the nouns to other words.—Bingham.

Case, in grammar, is the inflection of nouns, or a change of termination, (French *cas ;* Latin *casus*).—Webster.

In the Latin language there are six variations in the terminations of nouns, and six cases. In the Greek, there are five variations, and five cases. The German has four, and the Spanish five cases, corresponding with the variations of their articles. "The Celtic philologists, like those of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, define case to be the change which nouns undergo at the beginning or end, to denote their relation to other words."—(Connellan's Gram. p. 27.)

Thus we see that Brown, Bingham, Webster and others are sus-

tained by the use and definition of case in both ancient and modern languages. But according to this fact the *English* language can have but *one* case, the so-called possessive being the only case that has any *variation* or *change* in termination. The other two cases, nominative and objective, *not having* any variation in their termination *cannot come* under the definition of either of the authors above quoted,—which is sufficient to show that their definitions are wrong, or they have erred in placing these two cases in their catalogue.

Other grammarians seeing this difficulty have attempted to improve upon the dilemma by defining case to mean, "state, condition or position;" prominent among whom are Clark, Bullions, Smith and others.

As Smith's Grammar is "on the productive system," a quotation from it will be as good as can be *produced* from any others that define case to mean state or condition. "We say of an animal, for instance, a horse, when he is fat, that 'He is in a good case;' and, when he is lean, that he is in a bad case!' what, therefore, does the word case mean?" (Ans.) *Case means condition, state, &c.*—Smith's Gram. p. 10.

Then, if Mr. Smith's horse is fat, he is in a *good* case; if poor, he is in a *bad* case, and when he is neither fat nor lean, but between the two, in what farmers call "good working order," then according to Mr. Smith's logic, one would naturally conclude that the horse is then in the *between* case. But it avails nothing to the scholar whether the grammarian's horse is in a good or bad case, unless it is explained to him what the case of the horse has to do with the relation of one word to another. When Mr. Smith illustrates the comparison between the horse and the relation words bear to each other in a grammatical construction, then scholars may decide whether they will ride his horse, *even when "he is fat and in good case."*

Again: If "case means *condition*, *state* or *position*," it is contracting the use of words to a very narrow limit to assign them but *three* conditions or positions. Can words be placed in but *three* positions? Mr. Smith's favorite animal, the noble horse, can be in a *good* case or position, a *bad* case or position, in a *standing* position, in a *falling* position, in a *walking* condition, a *trotting* or *running* condition, in an *ugly* condition, or a *beautiful* position, in a *fretful* state, a *sleepy* or *wakeful* state, &c., &c.

THE NOMINATIVE CASE.

The nominative case commonly expresses that of which something is said.—BULLIONS, p. 16.

The nominative case is usually the agent or doer, and always the subject of the verb.—R. C. SMITH, p. 47.

Does case or the *verb* express declarations? Man *lives* and *sins*. The word man is said to be in the nominative, but does it express the declaration, or do the verbs *lives* and *sins* express it? Suppose I ask, Is Dr. Bullions correct in his definition of case? In this example *Bullions* is in the so-called *nominative case*, but does the word *Bullions* declare or express anything? I make *no* declaration, but simply *ask* for a declaration. Then it is plain, as *no declaration is expressed* in the sentence there is *no nominative case* in it.

Mr. Smith says, p. 47, the "nominative case is always the subject of the verb." Let us see how true this is. *Smith's Grammar is a book that contains many errors.* Here *book* is said to be the nominative case after *is*, but instead of being the subject it is the *predicate*. Again: *Mr. Smith's definition is an erroneous one.* Here *one* is in the so-called nominative case, yet it is *not* the subject of the verb. Thousands of similar examples might be produced, but even *one* that it contradicts, is sufficient to show that the nominative case is *not* "always the subject of the verb."

But Smith's definition is also opposed to the passive voice, as in the example, "The boy was beaten by his father." Here *boy* is nominative to the verb *was beaten*, but instead of being actor, doer or subject, he is the *object* of *was beaten;* that is, the father was the actor or subject, and the boy was the object that received the action. This fact is plain to all, Smith to the contrary notwithstanding.

The word nominative is from the Latin *nomino*, to name, and must, therefore, mean *naming* or the *named case*, as "*sin produces misery.*" Here *sin* is said to be in the nominative, *naming or named case*, while *misery* is called objective case. Does not objective *name* the case, too?

THE POSSESSIVE CASE.

The possessive case denotes possession, origin, or design: as "John's

pen," *We use "Gillott's pens;"* i. e. *He originated the pens.*—COVELL'S Digest of Eng. Gram. p. 38.

The possessive case denotes possession, ownership, property, &c.; as, "William's book."—R. C. SMITH'S *Gram.* p. 47,

The Possessive Case denotes the relation of possession, origin, or fitness, which a modifying noun or pronoun bears to the noun that it modifies: as, "David's father;" "an eagle's flight;" "Children's shoes."—QUACKENBOS' *Gram.* p. 52.

Suppose there were such a case as the so-called Possessive, grammar-authors would have to search for its definition under entirely different language; for the definitions now adopted *include verbs.* For example: The book *belongs* to me, *i. e.* I *possess* the book—the book is *my* book.

The bill *originated* in the lower House, and became a law in the Senate. Machinery is *designed* to save manual labor, and its fitness no one denies. As these several verbs denote "*possession, origin, or design,*" they should according to the rule of explanation, be called possessive cases. What right grammarians have to include verbs, or any other part of speech, in the explanation of case, which is a mere "*accident*" as they term it, I leave for *thinking* men to decide.

"The possessive case denotes possession, property, &c. When I say 'Peter's knife,' who owns or possesses the knife?" (*Peter,* of course, you would say). "In what case, then, is Peter's, and why? In the possessive case, because Peter possesses the knife." This is all true, provided Peter *does own* the knife. But when I say this quotation is from page 11 of *Smith's* Grammar, what do you understand me to mean? that Smith owns or possesses the book from which the quotation is taken? Certainly not; for the grammar now lies before me paid for, and I *own* it—it is *my* book,—and Smith has no more right of possession in it than the far off "man in the moon."

Again: Our merchant *has Ayer's* Pills, *Walker's* Vinegar Bitters, *Lawrence's* Koskoo, and other medicines; and a supply of *Gillott's* pens, *Stimpson's* pens, and the various styles of *gold, copper, steel,* and *metallic* pens. Now in accordance with the teaching of Mr. Smith, any student of his grammar has a right to tell the good merchant that the medicine and pens offered for sale by him are not his, but belong to their respective makers, because they

are in the *possessive case*, and must, therefore, *own* or *possess* them. But does any one suppose the merchant, though he had been taught "grammar as it is" by Smith & Co., would agree that the makers of the said articles are the rightful owners of them? No; he would say that he had *paid* for them, and no one could take them —they *belonged* to him. Yes, and these articles may have been *owned* by a dozen merchants since they left the hands of their makers. The fact is, these so-called possessives are not what grammarians say they are. The merchant has Ayer's pills, quinine pills, podophylin pills for sale; he has Gillott's pens, Washington's pens, Medallion pens, National pens, Gold pens, &c., &c. Now do not *quinine* and *podophylin* tell us *what* pills are spoken of. Does the so-called possessive *Ayer's* do more than this? Do not the other specifying words before pens, tell us *more* than the word *Gillott's*? Who would know whether "Gillott's pens" were gold, copper or steel? How many know what compose Ayer's pills? While it may be asked, how *few* are there that do not know what quinine and podophylin are?

Some grammarians, like oases in the sandy wastes, have asserted that the "possessive case" is not a noun, but a *specifying* or *defining adjective*, (see *Frazee's* gram. p. 106; *Fowle's* p. 17; *Barnard's*, p. 71; *Morris's*, p. 48). "A system of grammar, having its foundations in the doctrine that Words and other Elements of Sentences are to be classified *according to their offices*—and that is the proper criterion—must class Possessive Nouns and Pronouns as *Adjectives*." So says Mr. Clark in his Practical Grammar, p. 84, obs. 6. "*And that is the proper criterion.*" Yet, throughout his works, Clark uses the so-called possessive case. He emphatically acknowledges that there is no such a case, but still uses it: he says it is wrong, but elsewhere in his grammars he teaches it is right. And this is the Grammar, which, the Boards of Instruction of North Carolina and Alabama have adopted as the "*proper criterion*" for their children to follow. What would be thought of a minister that condemned sin in the pulpit, but justified it in his daily conduct! Or a physician who says arsenic, strychnine and opium are deadly poisons, and at the same time uses them as his healing remedies on all his patients? These men would be as justifiable, so far as consistency saith, as the grammarian is in violating his duty. To say a thing is erroneous and then

teach it to the rising generation, is—I leave it to the liberal reader to say what.

THE OBJECTIVE CASE.

This case, we are told, "*denotes the object of an action or relation.*" "In the sentence 'John struck him,' *him* is the object of the action denoted by *strike*," (Smith, p. 47) But suppose we change the sentence thus: *John is struck by him.* In this case the object *struck* is *John*, for John was struck, *i. e.*, John received the action, and is, therefore, the *object* denoted: Yet, according to the definition of the nominative case, viz., that "the nominative case is *always* the subject of a verb," we are compelled to parse *John* as nominative to is struck. So upon the principle that "the nominative is agent, actor or doer," we must conclude that John is the striker—John strikes himself; and he that is the *real striker* or *doer*, is the object! What a fountain of wisdom a scholar may find in the abstruse paths of "grammarians!"

One more example. The money was stolen by the thief. In what case is money? *Nominative* to *was stolen*, say grammarians. Why? Was money actor or doer? Did money steal itself? What did the thief do? Did he act or do anything? If he stole money without acting or doing, he is the possessor of an art unknown to the wisest philosopher of the nineteenth century. That a thief *plans* his mode by which he may obtain money, that he *executes* his schemes, that he *acts* earnestly, energetically to obtain the great object of his perverted Acquisitiveness, as the Phrenologists would say, no sane man will deny. And these examples are sufficient to prove that there are no such cases as nominative and objective or, that if existing they have not been defined, I shall believe and assert until some grammarian of the "*productive* system" *produces* the evidence to the contrary. Until the above objections are explained away, and after which a true definition shall be given of case, I shall contend that *Subject* and *Object* are preferable and more in accordance with the structure of the English language; and that the so-called *possessive case* properly belongs to that class of words to which Mr. Clark says it should be assigned.

To be Continued.

EDITORIAL.

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OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

It is of the highest importance that the State of North Carolina should have an University in name and in fact. It will not be creditable to either the intelligence or liberality of our people if a strong and well directed effort is not made to resuscitate our State Institution and to place it on a basis of usefulness and permanency. Whilst other States maintain their leading educational centres, it will not do for us to remain indifferent to the claims of the youth of our State and the cause of learning. The Trustees of the University have recently held an important meeting in Raleigh. We have seen it stated that what they did will probably result in its revival at an early day. It is given out that it rests with the legislature, however, now in session, whether the University will be opened during the next Summer, or will remain inhabited by only the bats and owls. We can but hope that our legislators are sufficiently awake to the great importance of re-opening the University at an early day, to prompt them to such action as will guarantee the compassing of that so much desired end. What we write will not be seen by any of them, we suppose, before they have disposed of the matter in some way, but if we could reach them we would like to add one voice to other appeals, that they will adopt such measures as shall open those ancient halls to the light of day once more, and offer every inducement for an advanced culture that can be given by any similar institution in the whole land.

A recent article in the *Biblical Recorder*, from the pen of Rev. J. D. Hufham, its able and scholarly editor, is so timely, so cordial, so catholic, so wise, that we gladly avail ourself of a few paragraphs. Referring to the University he says:

"Its suspension was a sad thing for North Carolina. Its continued suspension is a reproach to her. Standing at the head of the educational enterprises and institutions of the State they cannot have the highest degree of prosperity while it languishes or is in a state of suspension. Especially is the spirit of education

among the people dependent in large measure on the existence and prosperity of the University.

"In most of the other States similar institutions are rising above the wreck and ruin of the war and seem likely to regain their old prosperity and usefulness. It is high time for North Carolina to commence the good work of providing for her sons the means of the highest and best culture. It will be necessary, we suppose, for the Trustees, in the event of re-opening to ask an appropriation from the Legislature. This request, we think, could hardly be denied. Poor and heavily taxed as our people are they cannot afford to refuse such an application.

"We shall be glad if the Institution can be re-opened as a University. This it has never been. It has been a simple college, heretofore, and has been the rival of the smaller denominational Institutions. We hope to see it raised above this. It will be at some time, though it may not be expedient to attempt it in the present condition of the State finances."

The time was when next to her great men the chiefest ornament of the State was her University—an institution in the success of which all intelligent and public-spirited North Carolinians gloried. It was not all that was desired. It was not in any just sense an University at all. But it was our best, and from its precincts had gone forth hundreds of young men who in after years were to win the highest civic fame and some of them to achieve renown on many battle-fields. Let us all work for its speedy re-opening, and let it be made as soon as possible second to none and in all respects what its name imports. Let wisdom, fairness and justice characterize at all times the action of those who have it in charge. Let no invidious and injudicious distinctions be made. Let no cause of complaint be given that it is controlled by politicians or by any one religious denomination. Let a broad catholicism prevail, and we believe it will go on prospering and to prosper.

But we are in advance of the music. The work of revival is yet to be done. North Carolina cannot afford to be without its University. Our necessities demand it. Our pride, our interest, our self-respect, our love of learning, all unite with one voice and cry aloud, "Give us back again the honored old University, enlarged, adorned, strengthened and improved."

North Carolinians think of it: there are now between one and two hundred of our young men attending the colleges of other States. It is a standing reproach to our intelligence, public spir-

it and State pride that we force our boys abroad. It will not do to say that we have good colleges. We grant it gladly, but then they are under the patronage of religious denominations and are regarded as sectarian. There are some of the religious bodies who are without male colleges, and there are scores of young men who prefer to attend institutions that are not controlled by religious bodies. It is useless to say that this is prejudice or bigotry or what not. We must look at things as they exist. The fact is patent that scores of young men leave the State to attend the colleges that are not open to the charge of being in any sense denominational. We have good colleges, but we have no University. *We must have one in its broadest and truest sense.* If our colleges were better than all others, there are many young men who would not matriculate in them, but would seek instruction beyond our borders. Prior to the war this was not the case. Where one went out of the State to seek educational advantages, fifty came into the State from other sections, and our University was indeed one of the grand rallying intellectual centres of the South. When the writer was at Chapel Hill, he thinks there were some twenty-five students in attendance from Virginia alone. The tide has since turned, and *now* our boys go to the University of Va., to Washington and Lee, to Hampden Sydney, to Randolph Macon, to William and Mary, to Princeton, &c. Why this? Alas! we have no University now, and no longer do Virginians and Georgians and Mississippians, and youths from other Southern States, seek instruction at our hands by hundreds, but we send *our* boys from home to pursue their studies amid the cloisters and stately groves of the colleges of other States. How long, how long shall this continue? We pretend not to that prophetic ken that can penetrate the veil of the future, but a blind man can see far enough to tell you, that it will surely continue as long as narrow and illiberal views prevail—as long as there is not enough of genuine North Carolina spirit to unite our people in one common purpose to resuscitate our ancient and once-honored seat of learning, and re-open those fountains of knowledge whose waters were so healthful and invigorating to the mind and that flowed full and fresh across our lines into the regions beyond.

No State can maintain its character for intelligence and public spirit that does not foster education. No nation can long pre-

serve its liberties that does not cherish and protect its seats of learning. In a former article we discussed this phase of the subject. We showed that ignorance is the parent of vice, of crime, of superstition, of credulity and of brutalizing passions. As Horace Mann, that able educator and thinker, truly said, "Education is our political safety. Outside of this ark, all is deluge." Even so bad a man as Napoleon was far too sagacious not to be impressed with the great truth that the security and destiny of every free people chiefly and inevitably rest upon education and intelligence. He felt this when referring to France more particularly; he said: "Public instruction should be the first object of government." Surely, then, our legislators will not be faithless and recreant to the great blessings of "public instruction," when according to the philosophy of despotism itself, it "should be" their "*first object.*"

Let, then, the University of North Carolina be revived. Let all of the friends of liberal education come up to its support. Let prejudices, and complaints, and antagonisms and creeds be forgotten, and let all rally to the help of those who would lift from the dust the broken column, and place it upon its firm and enduring pedestal again. We are a true and hearty advocate of the revival of learning at Chapel Hill. Let hopeful hearts and expansive minds gather about the venerated and ruined old University. Let a new life be placed within; let a strong faculty be chosen—men of large and varied learning—men who love to teach, who are enthusiasts, who are full of energy and devotion and hope; let some eloquent and popular man be placed at its head—some son of the State who can, with voice and pen, stir the peoples' heart and unite their energies in the great work of rebuilding the *Alma Mater* of so many of the children of North Carolina, and then shall old men rejoice and mothers be glad, and the maidens of our land from Currituck to Cherokee, from the seaboard and the centre, from the plains and the mountains, with songs and shoutings shall bring fresh garlands with which to adorn the brow of the dear Old Mother,—who was dead but is alive again.

T. B. K.

CO-EDUCATION.

Is the co-education of the sexes a failure? In the South we have heard of but few attempts, if any, to mix the sexes in the same classes, except in primary schools. In the North, we believe

the experiment has been made for the last fifteen or twenty years, and the result is seen in the variant opinions and conclusions of educators. We confess to some preferences, and it may be, prejudices in the matter. Without much observation and with no experience of our own, we are unable to speak *ex-cathedra*, nor have we been able to derive any satisfactory information from Northern teachers. They so differ amongst themselves, we cannot determine whether the experiment in the North has been successful or not. For instance: President Eliot says that co-education has proved an unqualified failure in the Western colleges that have tried it. *Per contra*, President White, of Cornell, is delighted with it and pronounces it a great success. His sixteen girls have been among the foremost in scholarship, and have proved thoroughly conscientious. President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, thinks the experiment highly satisfactory. Referring to his college, he says:

"Our ladies' course was established at the outset as the course which young ladies would more generally pursue, and it was some years before there was any application on the part of young ladies to enter the full college course. Since that time nearly a hundred young ladies have completed this course; but the large majority have always chosen the ladies' course. But in pursuing the ladies' course they are not organized in classes by themselves, except in a few of the studies. * * * The young ladies recite in the same classes with the young men, without any difficulty—*i. e.*, in the same college classes; and this has been our arrangement for nearly forty years. The number of ladies pursuing the same full classical course has varied during the time from ten to more than thirty, passing from the minimum to the maximum and back again several times within thirty years. * * * There is no prevalent conviction among us that it is inexpedient for young ladies to take the college course. * * * Several of the daughters of the professors have taken the college course, and others are preparing for it."

We plead guilty to some old fashioned notions about education. Reared in the South, we hold the views that have prevailed here from immemorial time. We have not thought it best, where it can be avoided, to have the sexes mixed in the same schools. We have never for a moment believed that either the cause of education or morality could be promoted by the co-education of the sexes in colleges. We do not doubt the capability of girls, their devotion to study, their conscientiousness, or their self-respect.

We are satisfied they can learn well the books that are taught in colleges, and that many of them can attain to eminence in scholarship, like Mary Somerville, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sara Coleridge, Marian Evans ("George Eliot") and others. But we do not believe that it will either conduce to woman's physical health, and add to her real glory as a woman to be mixed up at a formative period with young men, many of whom are rude, immoral, susceptible, and unprincipled. She may shine the brighter by the contrast, as a precious jewel may appear the more lustrous in a coarse setting, and she may even secure higher honors by the competition with males, but she will do this at the risk of impairing those exquisite charms, that perfect grace, that delicate refinement, that engaging modesty, that chaste reserve, those sweet manners which so adorn and beautify woman's character. The German poet, Richter, says, that "the purer the golden vessel the more readily it is bent; the higher worth of women is sooner lost than that of men." And did not the great English master say, that "it is beauty, that doth often make women proud; it is virtue, that doth make them most admired; it is modesty, that makes them seem divine." It may be that intimate association of the sort referred to with men of diverse characters and principles, might be deleterious to manners; might to some extent discrown her of the highest attraction—her pure womanhood; and might really interfere with her pursuit of knowledge—specially if she were to fall in love with some handsome young fellow who was learning to conjugate *amo*. We think that all a young lady might gain in knowledge of books and of men, would not compensate her for the loss sustained by robbing herself of that lofty courtesy, that perfect respect, that profound reverence, those delicate attentions which at least the men of the South have ever cherished in their hearts and extended to their fair country-women—the ladies of our land. No woman ever truly gained by aspiring to those things that belong more properly to man. As long as she remains content with her ancient dominion she will be loved, honored, revered, worshipped, and even—obeyed. But she must not disrobe or unsex herself. The old Salic law ought not to be repealed, and will not be repealed, to meet the demands of the restive and ambitious part of the gentler sex who would undertake those duties and responsibilities which belong to man only, and who has been fashioned by the All Wise to that end. The old dynasty will surely continue, and only the good and pure women, who know that their

true power lies over the affections, will remain regnant, whilst the unadulterated "brain women," as Dr. Holmes calls them, will have neither crown nor kingdom.

That great writer, Thackeray, says, that "a good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty." Let us then preserve this lovely flower. Let no rude or unfriendly minds tear its tender leaves or despoil it of its fragrance. Let no coarse associations, or sharp contests spoil or taint it.

We are not then favorable to the experiment that has been made elsewhere. Educate the daughters most thoroughly; give them every advantage possible, say we, but let the old system continue:—the boys at their high-schools and colleges, undergoing the discipline and training that suit them, and passing through that curriculum that will fit them for the duties and conflicts of after life; the girls at their seminaries and colleges, where they can be taught every branch of human learning that can possibly bring happiness and usefulness to life and pleasure to the mind; where they can be treated as a member of a household, living under the watchful eyes of those who will be as father and mother, and having the influence and associations of home-life; where they can be trained for those spheres in which their destiny will inevitably lead them, and which they can so irradiate, and make happy. "The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron are more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens," was the opinion of Oliver Goldsmith. But then, he was an old bachelor. Women have the "bridal dower of love," and we protest against any system that will in the least compromise their true position, cause one unnecessary pang to the heart, or tend to their slightest injury.

There is one view of the subject to which we barely referred, that deserves special mention. It will be found in the following extract from an article that appeared in *The Liberal Christian:*

"We are alarmed at the decline of health and sanity among American women of the favored class. And we think it due to the strain under which they are put by ambitious teachers and parents at the critical period of their lives. What they lose nothing can repay. All they give society, intellectually or morally, is nothing compared with the physical deterioration they may entail upon their offspring and the unhappiness they may bring upon their homes. We trust there will be a long pause before co-education of the sexes in more advanced colleges gives a fresh impulse to the stilted intellectuality which is becoming the bane of American women; for what spoils them ruins the hopes of humanity!" T. B. K.

CAROLINA HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

The February number of this monthly is on our table. It is full of good things and is an excellent exhibit of the skill and taste of its proprietor and manager, Mr. Bonitz. It ought to prove a success, and if our people are honest in the expression of a desire to build up home enterprises, the *Household Magazine* will be successful.

The number before us contains an excellent likeness of our esteemed townsman, Seaton Gales, Esq., with a brief sketch of his life.

We will furnish a copy of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD and the *Household Magazine* for $1—and a copy of the JOURNAL OF EDUCATION and the Magazine for $3.

TO THE PUBLIC—A CARD.

A friend in handing me a copy of the *Norfolk Landmark*, with the annexed notice of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD remarked it was a "merited compliment from one fully competent to judge." That James Barron Hope, the accomplished editor of the *Landmark*, is "fully competent to judge" the merits of any magazine, or other literary production submitted to him, and that a favorable criticism from his pen is worth much, no one who knows that gentlemen, or the high reputation, as a man of letters and critical taste, which he has enjoyed for years, will doubt; and, therefore, I re-produce the article, that the people of North Carolina may see the estimate put upon *their* magazine by a Virginia gentleman of acknowledged ability; and that I may in this prefatory card correct an error into which, I fear, too many of my friends have fallen, and which doubtless has caused many to relax their efforts in behalf of a magazine which all seem to admire and approve.

Hard as I have worked to increase my list, and marked as has been the improvement in every number which I have issued, *the magazine has not yet reached the paying point.* If those who have received every number since September, and whose subscriptions

are due from that time ; and if those whose renewals date from January would remit promptly, my receipts would meet all expenses; prevent the accumulation of any debt ; enable me to carry, without serious trouble, the extra edition printed ; and, at the same time, from month to month, still greater improvements could be added, till North Carolina's Magazine should be *second to none.* I ask my friends all over the State, and North Carolinians everywhere, to place their one State enterprise, *which stands in the way of none other*, and which had its origin in the sincere and heartfelt desire of a native son of North Carolina to add his mite to perpetuate the glory and renown of his noble mother and of her gallant sons and fair daughters, beyond even the most remote danger of a failure till its mission shall have been fully accomplished.

S. D. Pool.

"Our Living and Our Dead.—We have received the February number of this magazine, edited by Col. S. D. Pool, assisted by Messrs. T. B. Kingsbury and J. H. Pool, of Raleigh, N. C., and after a critical examination of its pages we are prepared to say that it is not only a credit to our sister State, but to the entire South. The main object of this valuable publication is expressed in its felicitous title, and we trust that the day is not distant when the Virginia Branch of the Southern Historical Association will be able to boast an organ similar to this. It embraces about 130 pages of text, and is devoted primarily to the pious object of preserving in enduring form the heroic services of troops contributed by North Carolina to the armies of the Confederacy. In the historical Department we have a number of papers of special value, containing authentic facts illustrating the achievements of men, officers, regiments and brigades from the Old North State. In the literary contributions we find a noble poem from Mrs. Downing, "A Summer Idyl" by Christian Reid, "Margaret Rosselyn" by Mrs. C. W. Harris, both serial stories from the pens of two very gifted and accomplished women, and several very fine critical papers by Mr. Kingsbury. For a mention of the papers devoted to education and statistics we have no space, but, it is safe to say that with such a magazine to speak for her, North Carolina will not be long in commanding some part of the respect and admiration to which she is entitled. There is no extravagance in this praise. We have examined the volume before us with entire candor, and it would be a shame if it should languish for lack of support. But of this we have no fear. It shows evidence of robust vitality and good management on every page, and we repeat with deliberate emphasis, it is a credit to the South.—*Norfolk Landmark.*

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I have resigned the General Agency of the Guanahani Guano Company of Petersburg, Va., and accepted the same position for the sale of the Guano imported by Messrs. Thomas Branch & Co., of Richmond, Virginia, which is the same Guano and from the same Islands, and which I now offer you at the following reduced prices.

WM. R. GRIFFITH, *General Agent.*

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA,
LABORATORY OF APPLIED CHEMISTRY,
Athens, Ga., Feb. 9th, 1875.

Wm. R. Griffith, Esq., Richmond, Va.:—Dear Sir: In reply to yours, I must say that I am undoubtedly of the opinion that in most *natural Guanos* the forms af combination of the valuable elements present are superior to those which are *artificially* produced in manipulated fertilizers, and, although this cannot enter as a factor in determining COMMERCIAL values, it increases the relative AGRICULTURAL value of natural Guano to a CONSIDERABLE extent. Very truly yours,

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Richmond, Va., February 25th, 1875.

The Guanahani Guano Comyany has seen fit to publish a card to the effect that our "Cat Island Guano" is of an inferior quality to their importations, and had been rejected by them. From the reputation of the signers of that card, we presume that they did not know that this statement was false. We propose to prove to the satisfaction of that Company and of the public the following facts, viz :

1st. That their agent at the Islands attempted (AND FAILED) to get control of deposits of Guano that were secured by a member of our firm who is now at the Islands.

2d. That our Cat Island Guano according to the analysis of Professor White, of the University of Georgia (*who analyzed for the Guanahani Company*), is *at least* the equal of the Guano imported and sold by the Guanahani Company last spring, in the cotton sections of Virginia and North Carolina.

Our Guano shall stand or fall by the crucial test of the analytical chemist, and not by cards put out on the eve of the planting season. We will have each cargo analyzed before it receives our brand, or is offered to the public, and we will publish report of the chemist. We *dare* the Guanahani Company to publish the analyses of each of the various lots offered and sold by them last spring.

We have been enabled to avoid the mistakes that the inexperience of Guanahani Company betrayed them into last year. We are not taxed with the enormous expenses for salaries, &c., paid by them, and with one of our firm on the Island and one of the most experienced Guano men in the country as our General Agent, we are satisfied we can beat them in quality and price. We challenge them to meet us in the laboratory or on the plantation ; and until they can compete with us successfully in these places, their paper will not hurt the best natural Guano (except Peruvian) yet offered to the public.

They write about "their standard!" Will they dare to publish "their standard." Why did they publish a *standard* last year, and then withdraw it ? We have taken steps in the courts to protect ourselves from the injury we have sustained by the improper publication of the Guanahani Company.

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LEADING LIFE COMPANY OF THE SOUTH,

it is that we have deposited with the Comptroller of the State of Georgia the sum of $100,000 for the protection of our Policy-holders, being the only company represented in the State which has made a deposit. Further than this, we have also $50,000 deposited in South Carolina, making for the protection of our patrons $150,000.

WM. B. JOHNSTON, *President.*
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THOS. B. BAILEY, State Agent for North Carolina. Office over Citizen's Bank, RALEIGH, N. C. [Jan. 1875.-tf.

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Our Living and Our Dead,

A North Carolina Monthly Magazine of 128 Pages, Published at Raleigh, N. C., at Three Dollars a Year.

S. D. POOL, Editor. { T. B. KINGSBURY, JAMES H. POOL, } Associates.

The success of our enterprise has been such as to authorize us in stating that **one thousand new subscribers for the year 1875** will place it on a permanent basis, and make it one of the established institutions of the State. It has met with wide favor in every section of the State, and is rapidly extending in circulation and influence. Among our subscribers are the leading men of the East, the West and the Centre, and many a brave soldier who offered himself freely in defence of his people is upon our mail-books.

We take pleasure in announcing that our plans, for the year 1875, are complete, and we are able to offer unusual attractions to our readers. The Magazine has been enlarged to **128 pages monthly,** and at $3 per annum is cheaper than any Northern publication containing as much matter. The Magazine will contain

Four Distinct Departments:

1. The Historical and Biographical.
2. The Descriptive and Statistical.
3. The Literary.
4. The Educational.

In the **FIRST** Department will be accounts of battles, historic facts, sketches of individual character, anecdotes of the war, personal reminiscences, memorial sketches, war poetry, &c.

In the **SECOND** Department will be gathered descriptive and statistical information from every section of North Carolina. The climate, soil, productions, timber, minerals, and topography of the State—its commercial, agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and other interests will be represented in its pages. Tables of **Necrology** and **Important Events** will be published each month. The history of counties, villages, towns and cities will find a place. **Reminiscenses of the Bar** will also be found in this Department.

The **THIRD** Department will contain stories by gifted writers, criticisms, essays, travels, sketches, &c.

The **FOURTH** Department will be devoted to the subject of Education in all its ramifications, and will contain addresses, essays, lectures, discussions, &c., by practiced writers and eminent teachers.

We will begin, in the January number, the publication of a

SERIAL STORY

from the pen of **Miss Frances C. Fisher** ("Christian Reid"), who stands at the head of all Southern writers of fiction, and whose merits are popular in every section of the United States. The title of the story will be **"A SUMMER IDYL,"** the scene of which will be laid in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

Mrs. Cicero W. Harris, of Wilmington, to whom we are indebted for the pleasant story in the December number, will also contribute a Serial Novel, which will be of North Carolina web and woof, and must prove highly entertaining to all. She is a lady of talents, and will do her work well.

Gov. Vance, whose recent "Sketches of North Carolina" have been so much admired, will contribute some of his best productions to our Magazine.

Many other writers of literary skill and ability will favor us.

We shall strive to improve with each issue, and appeal to our people for a generous support of our undertaking. An average of twelve (only twelve) **new** subscribers from each county in the State will place the Magazine on a firm basis. Who will be the first to move in our behalf, and from what county will come the first response? Ladies of North Carolina, give us your influence and material aid. Address,

S. D. POOL, Raleigh, N. C.